WEEK ENDING SEPT. 15, 1928

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If she had only known the truth . . earlier

. . . about feminine hygiene

WHAT regrets, what suffering, might be escaped were women to make *sure* of their information concerning this intimate matter of feminine hygiene! And yet, how difficult it *does* seem to get at the truth!

So far as *advice* is concerned, the young woman of today receives plenty of it. This is a frank age. There is a wholesome searching for information, a strong spirit of helpfulness. But, unfortunately, *wrong* advice is just as common as it was in the days of our grandmothers—and just as much to be feared.

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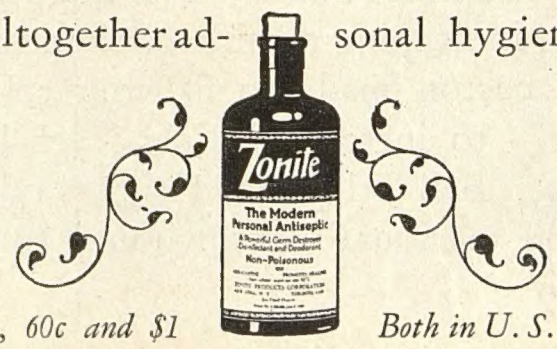

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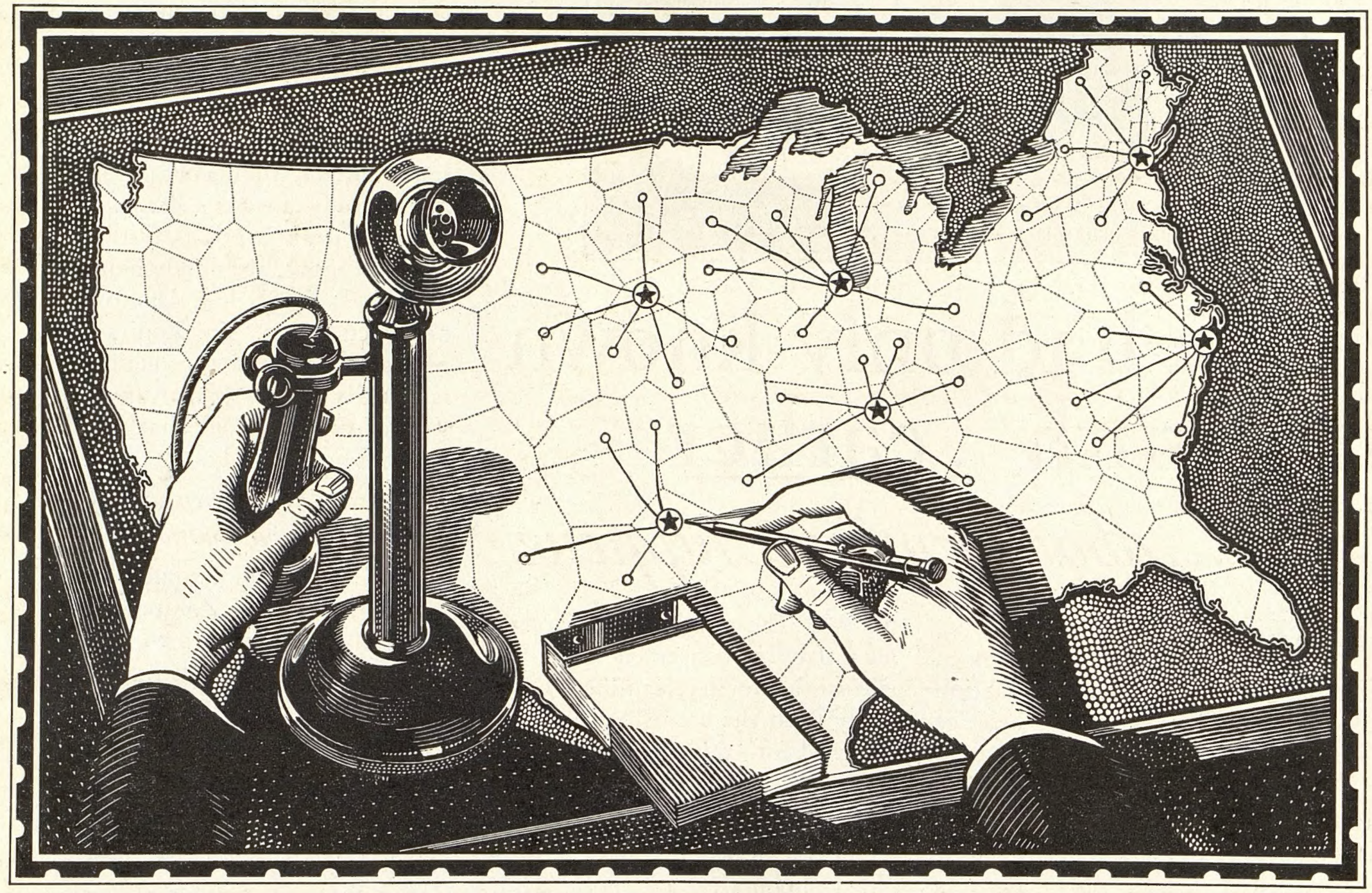

An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

To LOWER distribution costs, business is turning to the key town method of buying and selling by telephone. By this plan each representative can "travel" farther, reach more people, buy and sell more—and cut expenses.

The national key town map, showing key towns and their calling areas, is now ready. This and regional maps may be obtained at any Bell Telephone business office. They are free.

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Related telephone services supplement the key town plan. Classified business telephone directories furnish lists of prospects, sequence calling lists save hours of time, the Bell System credit plan makes it possible to have bills for calls sent to home offices—avoiding the carrying of cash and helping in keeping records of contacts. Thus, Long Distance can be custom-made to fit your selling or buying problems—to increase business, yet lower costs. A call to your Bell Telephone business office will bring a copy of the national key town map to you. . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

SEPT. 15, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

OUR NERVOUS NELLIE

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

This country used to esteem the gentleman who said those things. His name was George Washington. We may be old fashioned about it, but we must say it still seems to us his advice was sound.

Sometimes you can make yourself clear by indulging in a figure of speech. Sometimes it just makes matters muddier. Clear or muddy, we are going to attempt to utter a parable.

Let us compare our world situation to that of a street in a small mid-western town.

At one end—the end where the newest development is—practically an entire block is occupied by one owner (ourselves). This block has everything a beautiful suburb should have. There are green lawns, peach trees, tennis courts, riding horses, garages full of high priced cars, every latest device, and plenty of money in the bank to keep all this going, with the necessary gardeners, chauffeurs, and the like.

To the north are neighbors much like ourselves. To the south is a foreign settlement inhabited by people with dark skins who every now and then have a knifing affray and cause a little trouble. But they are in our end of town, and we don't see the need of outsiders' interfering. We think we can settle any little local difficulties ourselves.

Down the street, in an older part of town, is another settlement. Here the street is narrower and paved with cobblestones. The paint is falling off the houses, and there are a lot of "to rent" signs.

These people are very quarrelsome. They seduce each other's wives and steal each other's property. Two families in particular have always been fighting since the dawn of history. Life for them is a succession of drunken sprees. At times they sober up, and one of them is fined. Then the other goes on a jag. This has been going on for long years, varied occasionally by a neighbor's jumping in and trying to get one of the contestants' watch or his daughter.

Well, it has been a grand jamboree. They ended up recently by getting a man named Hans down. They took his watch and even his front door, and there is a fellow in his kitchen now who won't get out and who appropriates all packages as they are delivered.

There is nothing to indicate a change in the character of these people. Their last fight was their worst. But at present one side is so helpless it can't do any fighting.

As for us, we don't want to do any fighting. We are prosperous and content and disposed, on the whole, to mind our own business.

And here all of a sudden our nervous Nellie, Sec'y Kellogg, springs to his feet and runs up and down waving a paper and shouting, "Let's agree not to fight! Let's agree not to fight!"

The folks down the street are mildly surprised, but Jacques says, "Well, I'll agree to fight no one but Hans in case he gets fresh again," and England (let's drop the parable) says, "Well, all right, but of course I might want to have a little fight in or about my colonies."

There is no reason for all this. If anyone were proposing that we fight it would be different. But no one is proposing it, either here or elsewhere.

Why should we get into the neighborhood disputes of these people? Why should we say we will hand over the Monroe Doctrine to a committee to interpret or shelve as it likes? Why should we step into the League of Nations by the back door?

Why shouldn't we take the advice of George Washington rather than that of Sec'y Kellogg and keep on minding our own business in our own part of the world?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Stories and articles by Mark Lee Luther, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Glenna Collett, Burns Mantle —and a new serial (see announcement on next page) by Robert W. Chambers

September 15, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 37

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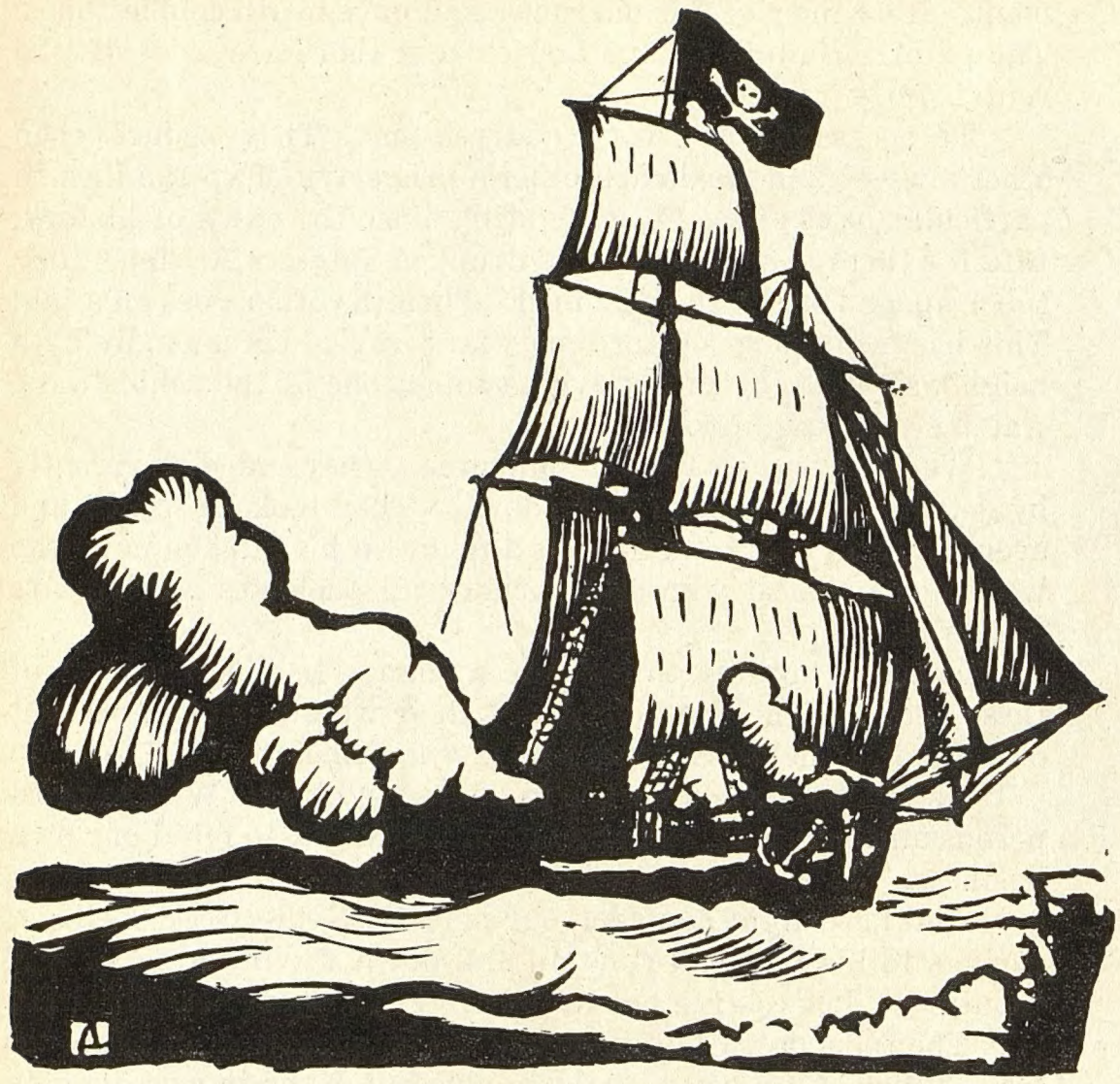

...pirates and privateers!
war-sloops and slavers!

The Happy Parrot

by Robert W. Chambers

ONCE again! . . . Robert W. Chambers has written another fascinating LIBERTY serial! . . . A colorful yarn of the American seaboard in the early days of the Republic.

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But particularly, it's the story of youthful, jaunty Eric Strake, master-mariner of many seas, skipper of The Happy Parrot, gentleman by birth, slave-trader by force of circumstance. . . . Particularly, it's the story of Cintra Quinn, the French-Irish girl with the fiery temper, who married Eric to see the world—and came to love him for the dare-devil adventurer that he was!

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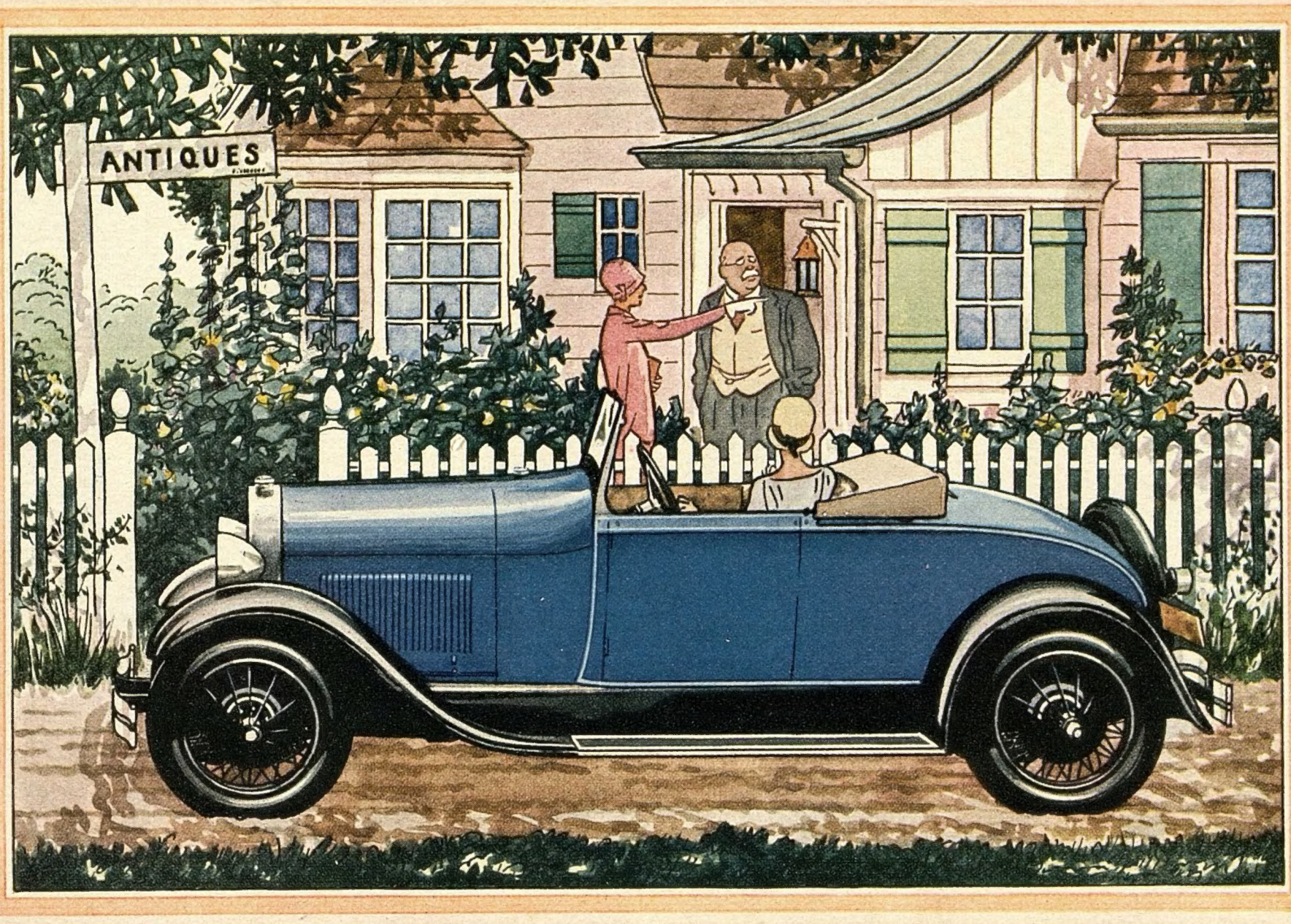


Look beneath the hood and study the mechanical beauty of the new Ford

When you look beneath the hood and study the engine of the new Ford, you will begin to understand how carefully this car is made, and see something, too, of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

In the homely, yet expressive words of the man in the shop when he pays his highest tribute to a fine piece of machinery: "It is a sweet mechanical job."

There is no better illustration of the care with which the new Ford is built than the close limits of measurement maintained in manufacturing.

The diameter of the piston pin in the new Ford, for instance, is held within three ten-thousandths (.0003) of an inch.

In the piston assemblies, consisting of piston, connecting rod, pin and spring retainer, the four assemblies in each motor must match in weight within a limit of 3½ grams. No assembly can vary from any other to the extent of ⅛ of an ounce.

The dynamic balance, which insures equal distribution of weight in the throws of the crankshaft of the new Ford, is held within 4 grams, or approximately 1/7 of an ounce, within the 2⅛-inch radius from the center-line of the shaft.

Main and connecting rod bearings on the crankshaft are held true to within three ten-thousandths (.0003) of an inch.

This same care is followed in the making of large as well as small parts. The four-wheel brake drums on the new Ford are 11 inches in diameter, yet they are held to within five one-thousandths (.005) of an inch. This is a remarkably close limit on such a wide diameter and is unusual in brake drums.

It is, of course, almost beyond imagination to conceive of measurements as close as these. They are achieved only through the use of the finest precision gages in the hands of expert workmen. These are set by Johansson master gage blocks which are accurate to one-millionth of an inch.

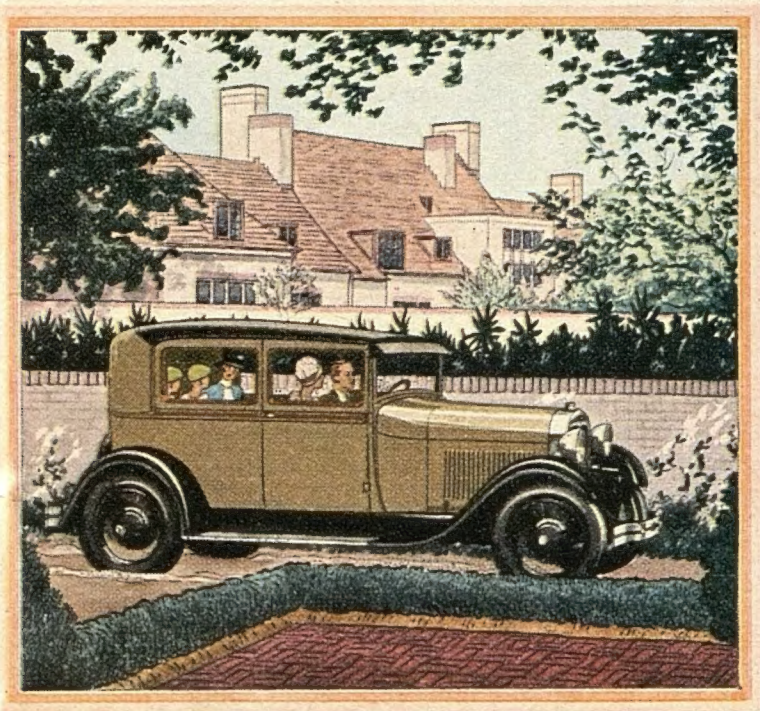
All of this care and this fine automobile engineering are reflected in the outstanding performance of the new Ford—in everything that goes to make it the advanced expression of a wholly new idea in modern, economical transportation.

Make it a point, therefore, to see and examine the new Ford and arrange for a demonstration.

Only when you get behind the wheel can you fully appreciate its alert speed, its quick acceleration, its safety and its truly remarkable riding comfort.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan



The mechanical beauty of the new Ford is matched by its beauty of line, color and finish. Shown here is the roomy Tudor Sedan, in the beautiful Arabian Sand color. All Ford cars are finished in a choice of two-tone color harmonies.

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Feminine smokers find it
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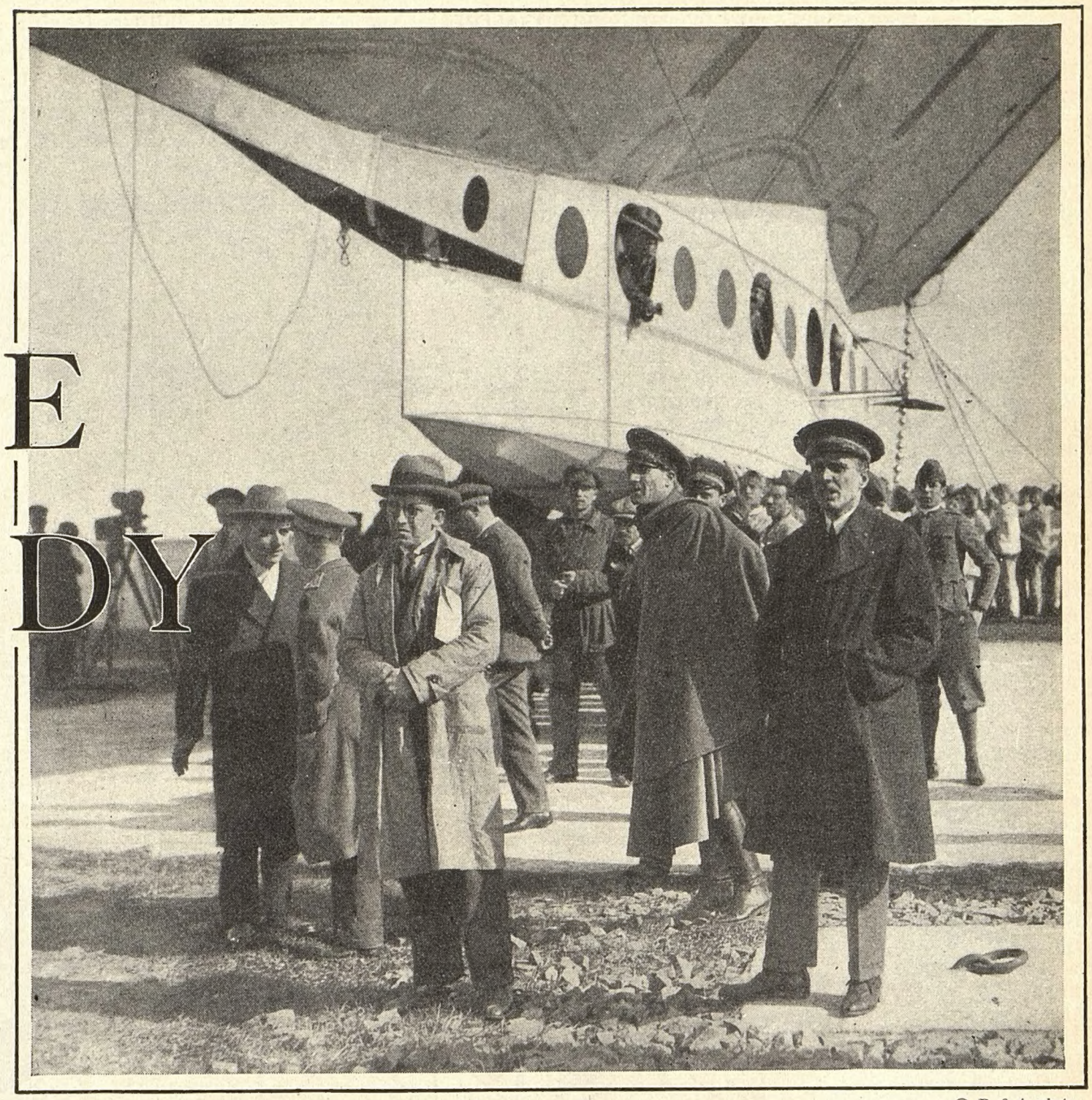
The Inside Story of the NOBILE TRAGEDY

Being the Viewpoint of a Swedish Journalist

By

KNUT STUBBENDORFF



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General Umberto Nobile (right) watching his airship Italia being tuned for its polar flight before it left Milan, Italy.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 19 seconds.)

EDITOR'S FOREWORD—In the intense controversy which has developed between the Swedish and Italian contingents concerned with the Nobile expedition and its aftermath, this may be taken, though not officially, as a statement of the Swedish point of view. Mr. Stubbendorff, who appears here as his compatriots' unofficial spokesman, was the first, and for a long time the only, European journalist who had an interview with General Nobile after his rescue. He was a friend of Amundsen and Dr. Finn Malmgren, and has a wide and intimate knowledge of European flying equipment.

PART ONE

IT is still too soon to state anything definite as regards imperialistic Italy's undertaking to acquire a halo of scientific ardor and exploring enterprise by sending a crowd of southerners, accustomed to sun and heat, up to the cold, ethereal tracts of storm, ice, fog, and snow.

A wholly valid conclusion cannot as yet be argued out. Therefore there simply remains the alternative of relying on what somebody thinks, what somebody knows, and seek in the experience of that somebody to get an idea of what it is about.

I was fortunate enough to arrive at Spitzbergen during the most interesting phase of the comprehensive searches for the scattered members of the crew of the Italia, the ill fated dirigible used by General Nobile in his attempt to cross the North Pole, and some of those who first set out to find them. After all kinds of difficulties, I had the good fortune to reach the base of the Swedish rescue expedition at Hinlopen Strait.

This had been the hub of events ever since the Swedish airman Lundborg rescued General Nobile and the Swedes had taken over the initiative in the rescue work and search work.

The author of this article, Knut Stubbendorff (left), and a companion on the relief ship Quest at Hinlopen Strait.

If I place these direct personal experiences in conjunction with a general impression of an international, rather complicated situation, I then obtain the survey which I now place before you. This survey had its origin in the initiative of the Norwegian Amundsen and the American Ellsworth to engage the Italian airship constructor, Umberto Nobile, with his airship for the voyage to the North Pole in 1926.

When I last met Amundsen face to face—we have exchanged a few words on the telephone a few times since then—it was in Stockholm in the autumn of 1927, when he came from America on his way back to Norway via Japan, Siberia, Russia, and Sweden. I begged him then to tell me the truth of the antipathy between himself and Umberto Nobile.

"I don't like to speak about these things," was all he was willing to say in reply—he who had spent a whole life and several fortunes in the sport of being first in the race to explore the polar tracts without appearing to be first other than from a sporting point of view. Because Amundsen was no scientist. He was a sportsman, and he lived for the honor of sport.

Nor did he need to say more. His silence told me more than if he had brought accusations against those who, he considered, had tried to deprive him of his life's glory.

Such was Roald Amundsen, reticent, taciturn, ambitious, of great will power—a man impulsively impetuous in a manner peculiar to Norwegians. He had, by the adversities and successes of an entire life, become hardened in the strongest and most original impulses of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE INSIDE STORY OF THE NOBILE TRAGEDY]
Continued from page nine

his soul and mind: the wish to appear foremost, convinced that he was foremost.

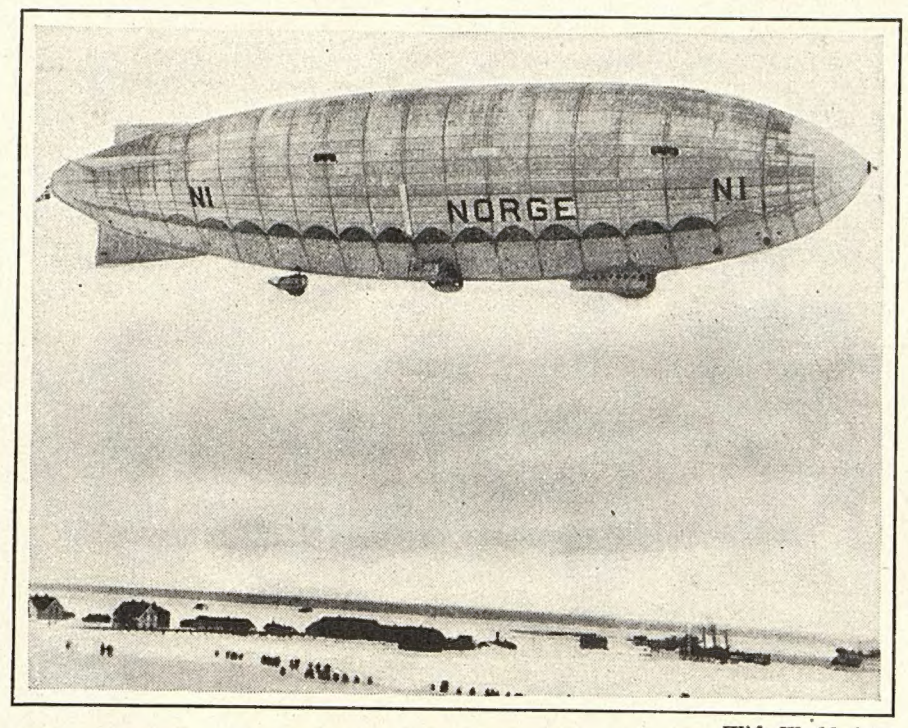
When I recently parted from General Umberto Nobile, he had not said much to me which either had not been said by others or might not just as well have been. But how different was my impression of this soft personality! As this impression will form part of the subject of this article, I will not dwell upon it here.

If I, at any rate, were now compelled to say something about General Nobile, it would be that he is a human tool for ignorance and ambitiousness combined, a human tool that has just begun to awaken to the unpleasant discovery that his part has terrible phases. He has discovered the danger of failure. Amundsen never did so, because he was one of those who, owing to their very character, cannot exist in company with the word "failure."

All that can be made out about the remarkable expedition of the Italia to Spitzbergen and the North Pole points toward a desire for glory in modern competition without any sensible soul among those at the head being capable of guiding the undertaking on proper lines. And, from all that can be seen in the most comprehensive rescuing action ever witnessed by the world, it appears that the question of *prestige* also plays a remarkable rôle. The Italia expedition *might* have been successful; but here was an undertaking of courage, ignorance, arrogance, and naïveté which met its fate. Nobile was a great man until the catastrophe happened. No one believed in him any longer then. Amundsen was a great man even when he failed in 1925.

Now, why is Nobile so despised in his native country? Not because he allowed himself to be saved first of all, for it was decided in advance by the Swedes that the general should be saved first. The solution of the mystery is simple.

Italy staked sixteen men in a game of hazard, and, with the impersonal, cold design which can be indulged in by a great power, those sixteen human lives would undoubtedly have been allowed to go under if other nations, urged on by indignation and their desire for self sacrifice, had not pledged *their* men to save those who first fell into distress. Italy did not *need* those sixteen men, once they had failed. They were stakes in the game, and the great power lost!



Wide World photo

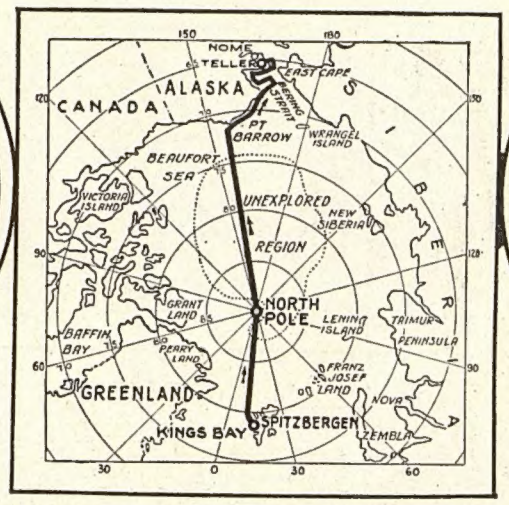
The Norge over Kings Bay, Spitzbergen. This was the airship in which Amundsen, Ellsworth, and Nobile flew over the North Pole.

© P. & A.

Lincoln Ellsworth, backer of Amundsen's Norge flight.

Wide World

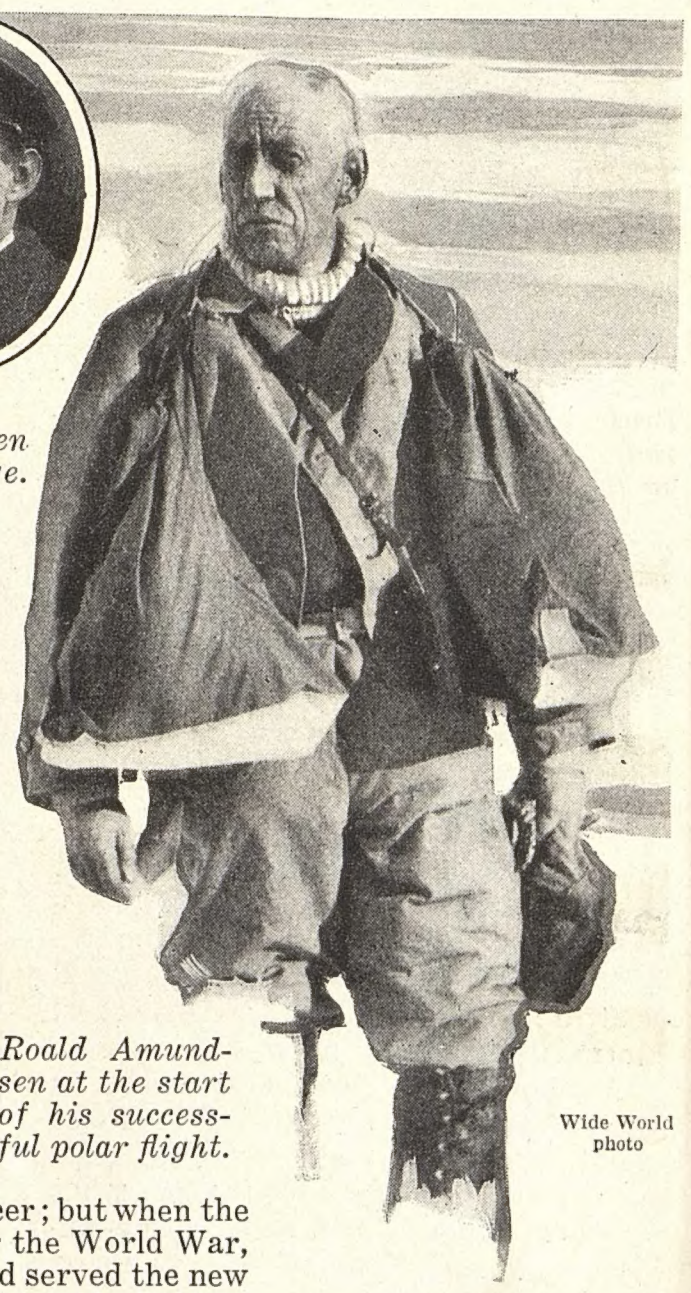
Finn Malmgren, who died after the Italia wreck.



This map shows the route of Amundsen's airship which flew from Spitzbergen to Teller, Alaska, in 1926.

P. & A.

Pilot Riiser-Larsen of the Norge.



Roald Amundsen at the start of his successful polar flight.

Wide World photo

WHAT have the Italians done? They were about the last to start operations, and they have, for the most part, been inactive. And when at last this truth no longer can be hidden, then they try to diminish the great work done by the voluntary helpers.

The most remarkable thing in this respect is that the Italian government allowed the Swedes to work by themselves, although they could easily have procured the small sport planes which are so suitable for rescue work. But more about this later.

You know about the first voyage across the North Pole with a modern airship! It was Amundsen's great undertaking in 1926, the peak of his sporting pioneering as a polar explorer, that for which he, during all his previous journeys with ships, on foot, with dog sledges, had prepared himself.

The Italians have wanted to deprive Amundsen and the Norwegians of the honor of this undertaking. This is the real truth of how it happened:

In the early summer of 1925 Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth were preparing their daring flight from Spitzbergen toward the Pole—with two Dornier-Wal machines. They did not manage to get there, but were forced to land on the eighty-eighth line of northern latitude, and were obliged to leave behind one of the airplanes and all their instruments, most of their equipment, and almost all their provisions.

The crews of both the machines just managed to make their way back to Spitzbergen in the one plane, which also would have been lost if a whaler had not found it drifting helplessly on the water.

However, some time prior to their unsuccessful trip, Amundsen relates, the foremost of the participators in the voyage were gathered in a little hut in the neighborhood of the starting place. And there the possibility of using a modern dirigible was broached. It already had been realized that the flight with the Dornier-Wal machines was only a preliminary survey which would now have to be brought to a finish so as to prepare the way for that still more important task which was to come.

On this occasion the Norwegian airman Riiser-Larsen mentioned for the first time Umberto Nobile, the constructor of a semirigid airship which he had heard was for sale at a comparatively low sum by the Italian government.

It was in this manner, therefore, that the origin of Umberto Nobile's acquaintance with Roald Amundsen arose. Amundsen and Ellsworth and their companions required an airship, and they chose Nobile's because it seemed to them to be the most suitable and cheapest.

When the unfortunate flight with the Dornier-Wal machines ended so happily, a start was made immediately on the preparations for the great flight between Europe and America across the North Pole.

The then Colonel Nobile was called to Norway so that the new plans might be considered. And in due time—and thanks to pecuniary support from Lincoln Ellsworth—the Norwegians bought the Italian airship N1, which was given the name of Norge, and made the flight across the North Pole in the summer of 1926 from Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, to Teller, Alaska.

It was after this flight that the plan for the Italia's expedition was hatched in somebody's brain. Was it Umberto Nobile himself who gave the idea life?

I shall now summarize Roald Amundsen's own experiences of his co-operation with Umberto Nobile, on which experiences he based his opinion of this man as a skipper of airships, as a polar man, and as a "leader of undertakings."

Colonel Umberto Nobile originally was an engineer; but when the new era arose in Italy, after the World War, he received military rank and served the new state as a constructor of semirigid airships.

When the Norwegians received his confirmation of the fact that Italy's airship N1 was available, they began negotiations at once for its purchase. Nobile then declared that his government was willing to place the airship at the Norwegians' disposal *without cost,* if the Norwegians' expedition across the North Pole would be undertaken under the Italian flag!

HERE you can see the first attempt on the part of the new régime in Italy to utilize the foremost polar explorer in the world to make Mussolini's Italy also a "polar exploring nation."

But the Norwegians refused this offer, and, with the help of Lincoln Ellsworth and several others, money was procured for the purchase of the airship, which was given the name of Norge. Umberto Nobile was engaged as skipper at a salary of 55,000 lire in gold. This is all told by Amundsen in his book, My Life as a Polar Explorer.

Nobile was in no way one of the leaders on the Norge's voyage across the polar sea. At the very start he had such a nervous seizure that he quite lost his head, and, turning to the gigantic Norwegian airman and navigator, Riiser-Larsen, he declared that he did not dare accept the responsibility for the Norge proceeding on so risky a voyage.

Riiser-Larsen then took command, and it was he who gave the orders when the Norge rose from the airship hangar on the field outside the mining village in Kings Bay on the 11th of May, 1926.

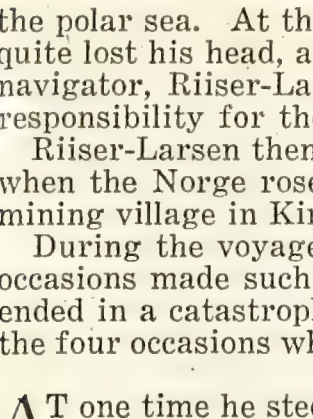
During the voyage between Spitzbergen and Alaska, Nobile on four occasions made such maneuvers that the Norge expedition would have ended in a catastrophe if Riiser-Larsen had not stepped in. It was on the four occasions when Nobile himself was in charge of the navigation.

AT one time he steered the airship at great speed straight toward the ice. When Riiser-Larsen, with a violent movement of his arm, shoved him aside and swung the rudder so that the Norge again rose into the air, she was so near the earth that the stern of the vessel almost scraped against the rough pack ice.

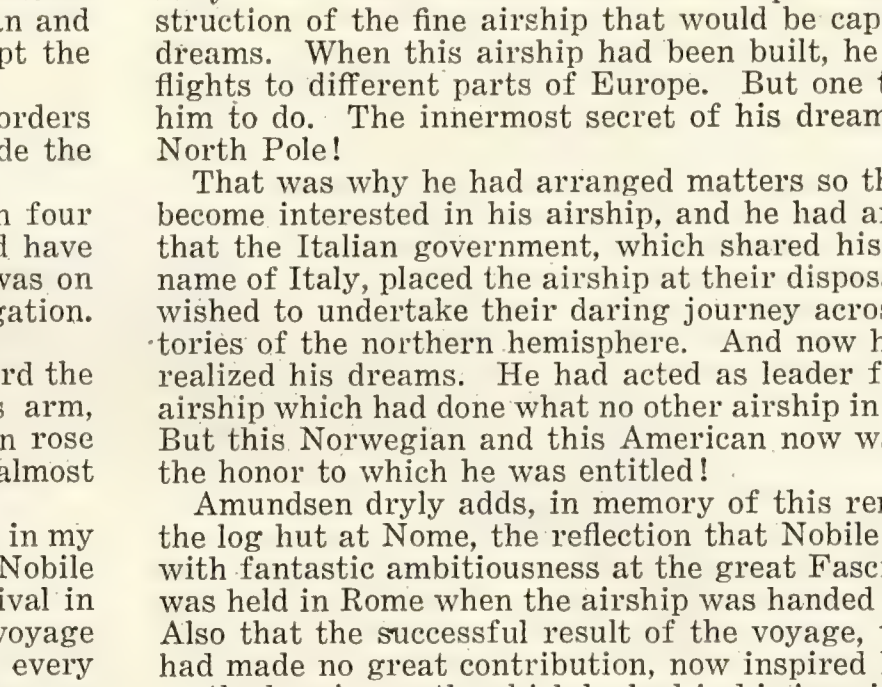
Amundsen says in his book—what he refused to tell me verbally in my capacity of journalist—that it was his absolute conviction that Nobile was obeying the orders of his government when he, on their arrival in America, and whenever an opportunity arose throughout the voyage through Europe up to Spitzbergen before the start, tried by every means to make himself out to be the leader of the great expedition—as representative of the new Italy, an officer in the Italian air service, and official chief of the whole affair.

Some days after their arrival at Nome, Alaska, Nobile had a conversation with Amundsen and Ellsworth which is quoted by Amundsen in his book, and which serves as a basis for the Norwegian's opinion of the Italian—a realist's opinion of a dreamer.

Umberto Nobile, engaged at a fixed salary of 55,000 lire in gold for the entire voyage, came to Amundsen and Ellsworth when they were staying in the "log hut." He made a long speech.



Professor Behounek, radiotechnician on the Italia.



International photo

The Citta di Milano, Nobile's base ship on his ill fated flight.

P. & A. photo

Einar Lundborg photographed on the ice floe from which he rescued Nobile in his airplane.

He began by telling them that he was an Italian officer and that he had not been treated with proper respect, as he had not been given the best room in the town. Then he went on to tell them of his dreams of glory.

He had long ago, he said, dreamed of great deeds which would attract the attention of the world toward his name, his person, and illustrious Italy! And when those dreams were ripe he had dreamed of the construction of the fine airship that would be capable of realizing all his dreams. When this airship had been built, he had undertaken daring flights to different parts of Europe. But one thing still remained for him to do. The innermost secret of his dreams was to fly across the North Pole!

That was why he had arranged matters so that the Norwegians had become interested in his airship, and he had arranged it so to happen that the Italian government, which shared his hopes of glory for the name of Italy, placed the airship at their disposal when the Norwegians wished to undertake their daring journey across the ice covered territories of the northern hemisphere. And now he, Umberto Nobile, had realized his dreams. He had acted as leader for the navigation of an airship which had done what no other airship in the world had managed. But this Norwegian and this American now wanted to deprive him of the honor to which he was entitled!

Amundsen dryly adds, in memory of this remarkable explanation in the log hut at Nome, the reflection that Nobile had become intoxicated with fantastic ambitiousness at the great Fascist demonstration which was held in Rome when the airship was handed over to the Norwegians. Also that the successful result of the voyage, to which he said Nobile had made no great contribution, now inspired him to endeavor to take up the heroic mantle which he had in his imagination been given at the theatrical proceedings in Rome—with Mussolini in the chief part.

It is rather well established that Nobile had no right to make himself out to be one of the real leaders of the Norge expedition in 1926. Nevertheless, he has made lecturing tours in America in which he made himself out to be the real leader and cast reflections upon the Norwegians.

Before the expedition left Rome, it was agreed that members of the expedition were to take as little baggage as possible. The voyage through Europe was a kind of parade air flight from Rome across France, to England, across the North Sea and Sweden to Russia, and then on toward Spitzbergen.

Amundsen and Ellsworth had desisted from joining in this voyage. They left as soon as their business had been concluded with the Italian government, in order to make preparations in Oslo and in Spitzbergen for their voyage proper.

Nobile took advantage of their absence to invite a number of persons for a pleasure trip through southern Europe to London. The weight of those persons was so heavy a load for the vessel that the Norwegian crew's polar suits were thrown off, and these members of the crew arrived at Spitzbergen insufficiently clothed, blue and miserable with the cold.

But when the Norge landed at Seattle, where the explorers were to be officially received and honored, the Italians appeared in brilliant full dress uniforms, which they, in spite of the agreement not to convey unnecessary baggage, had hidden away during the voyage.

THIS forms part of the discord between Amundsen and Nobile. The latter was engaged as skipper on the airship which the former had, with the help of friends, bought for his great expedition, and when the latter tried to deprive the veteran of his life work, Amundsen became angry and put his foot down.

Undoubtedly, Italy hoped to gain through the Nobile effort the honor which it had tried in vain to gain after the voyage of 1926. And it was after the controversy with Amundsen and Ellsworth that Umberto Nobile was seized with the ambition of his exaggerated imagination to see his name in the glare of the honor which his great deed would acquire for Fascist Italy. The title of general, which represented Colonel Nobile's reward for his feats on the Norge voyage, called for still greater deeds.

However, Nobile could not collect an entirely Italian expedition. Two men from other nations were invited to accompany him: one a young man, Behounek, from Czechoslovakia, a professor in radiotechnics, and the other a young Swedish scientist, Dr. Finn Malmgren, a specialist on conditions in the north polar districts and engaged in investigating the relation between pressure, temperature, and weather in the polar basin and weather in more southerly parts of the globe.

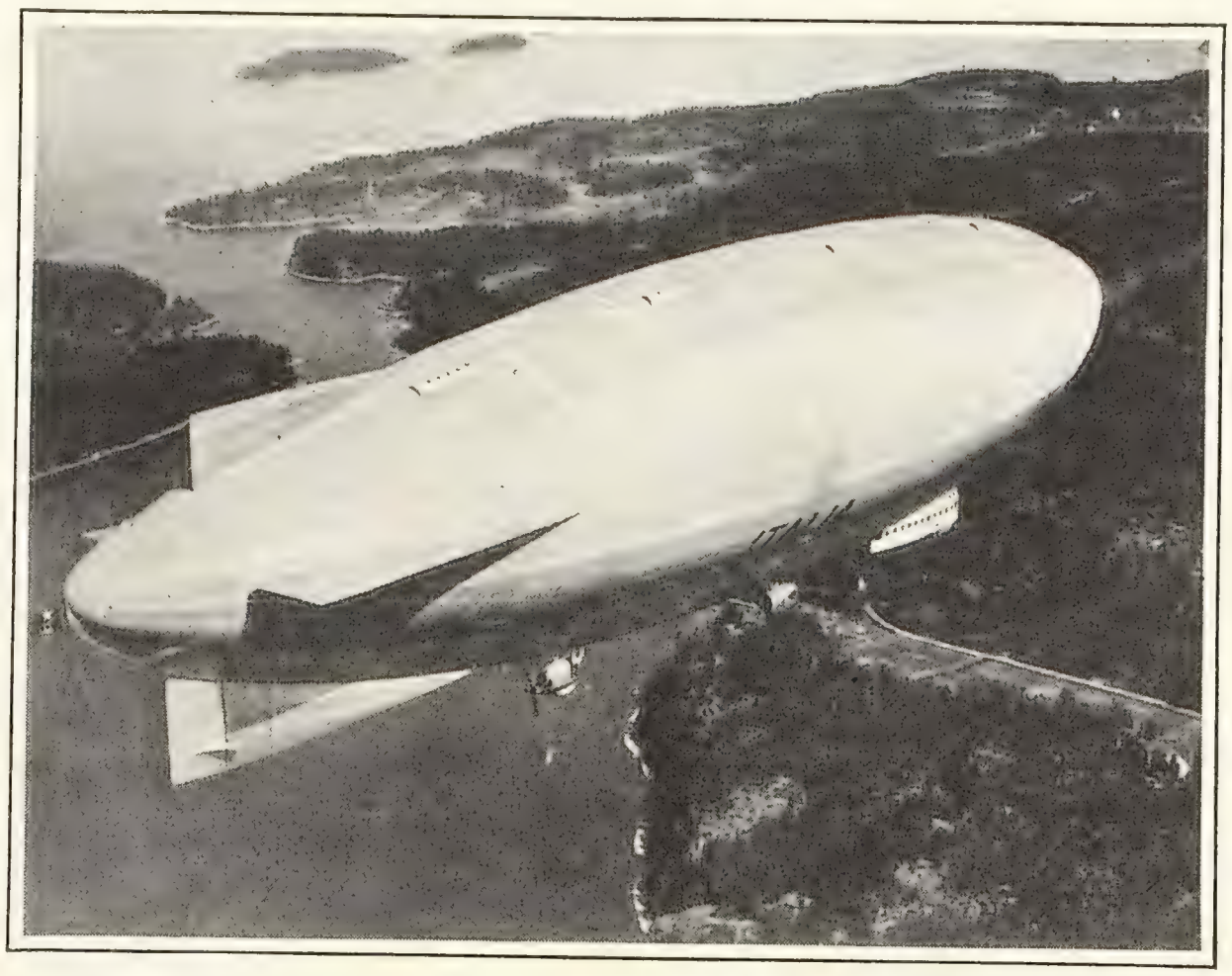
I knew Finn Malmgren. He was a quiet, energetic, diligent, and gifted man. He gave his life for his science. He probably sacrificed himself in a desperate situation to give his companions a chance to live. But his death implies to us Scandinavians a special touch of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE INSIDE STORY OF THE NOBILE TRAGEDY]
Continued from page eleven

dark tragedy in the Italia expedition. The entire world is moved at his fate, but we, his fellow countrymen, mourn him.

It was Finn Malmgren who was intrusted with the guidance of the Italia's passage across the unknown tracts of the ice sea northeast of Spitzbergen in May of this year. He had to estimate, with exact knowledge of the atmospheric conditions, the most suitable way for the frail airship to adopt. It was he, too, who advised Nobile not to start the voyage on that day when Nobile considered the feat in keeping with Fascist honor. The general wished to throw down his country's flag and the Pope's crucifix on the North Pole on the anniversary of Italy's entry into the Great War. Finn Malmgren knew that the weather would be stormy, and he believed that Nobile was not the man to master a serious and dangerous situation.



Underwood & Underwood photo

The Italia above Stockholm during Nobile's flight to Spitzbergen before the hop-off for the pole.

AFTER nearly two years' preparations General Umberto Nobile proceeded on the voyage with his new airship, the Italia, at 2 A. M., on April 17. Mussolini himself was not present to give the start a solemn, Fascist stamp. It was just at the time that the many attempts against those at the head of affairs were being surmised and disclosed in Italy. But his brother Arnoldo Mussolini was there, and, furthermore, the leading members of the Milan Flying Club. It was from the Milan airdrome that the Italia started on her fatal voyage.

Great crowds had collected that night, and the Fascisti took up their national song. When it was finished, extraordinary enthusiasm reigned. It was not as if General Nobile were about to *start* on the journey toward unknown destinies, but as if he had just *returned* covered with victories and glory—the successful polar explorer of great new Italy! He sent a telegram of homage to the dictator.

Nevertheless, it has been brought to my knowledge that those at the head of affairs did not rely entirely on the North Pole apostle of new Italy. There is said to have been a question of appointing someone else as leader of the Italia expedition. This may, or may not, be true. It may, at any rate, have contributed toward the sudden change in the feelings toward this fantastic hero—when he has got into difficulties and failed all of a sudden. For General Nobile is no longer a great man in his own country.

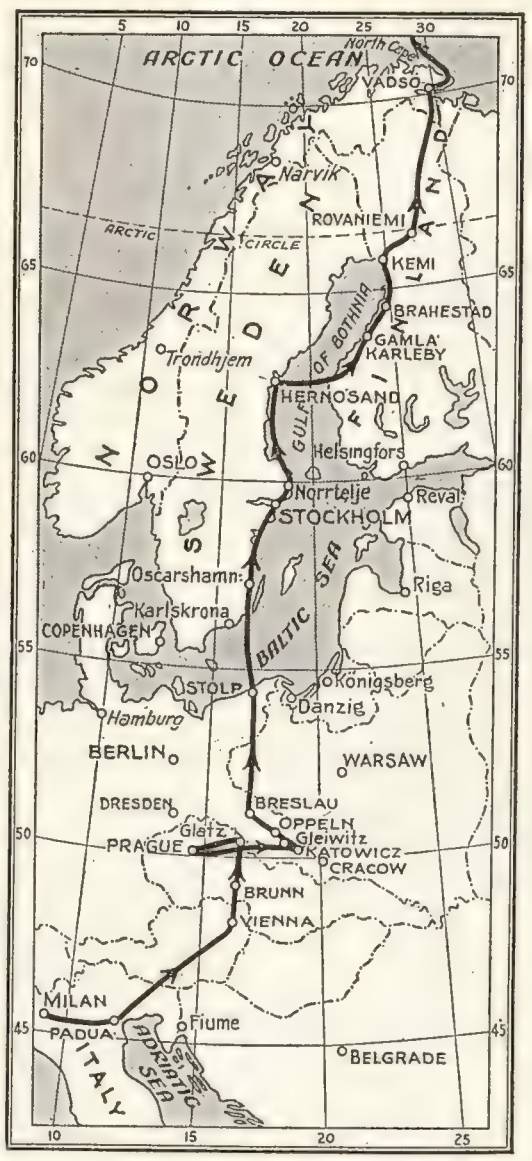
However, the Italia rose into the sky and sailed away—not on a parade flight this time, however, through France and England but via Austria and Germany to Sweden. But no less than two journalists were there on board to see that descriptions of the journey were not lacking.

The intention was to fly direct from Milan to the airdrome at Stolp in northern Germany; but the airship was almost forced to land before that. Vienna was passed after nearly twelve hours, the town of Brünn after a further four hours, and six hours later the Italia ran into a heavy thunderstorm above Glatz in southern Silesia.

The airship had lost her bearings and sent out wireless messages to determine her position. But after the storm passed navigation could be resumed, and next morning at 8:30 the Italia landed at Stolp, after passing a good part of the night wandering about above Silesia. Necessary repairs prolonged the stay at Stolp.

During this interval an episode occurred which to some extent put the damper on the glad expectations of the travelers. One evening the Italians were at a restaurant in the little town of Seddin. The restaurant was in the hotel where General Nobile resided, and where members of the north German country nobility were accustomed to congregate when visiting the town. On this evening there was a disturbance.

Mussolini recently had ordered rigorous measures against the German speaking population in those parts of the southern Tyrol that were given to Italy by the Peace Treaty of Versailles. The German junkers, with their violently chauvinistic temperament, began to abuse the guests. There was a scene, for which the Germans were responsible, and the Italians suddenly discovered that they were not so welcome as their dreams of glory had led them to suppose, and they were obliged to withdraw and refrain from showing themselves so that nothing worse might happen.



The airline followed by Nobile in flying the Italia from Milan to Vadsö, Norway.

The general declared in interviews with foreign journalists that the Italia was particularly suitable for polar expeditions. He referred to his glorious voyage in 1926. But a sharp eyed observer stated at the same time that one of the Italia's engines had broken down on the journey across the mountains because the cooling water had frozen.

The airship lay for repairs at Stolp until May 3. Then, at 3:30 A. M., the general gave orders to start, after saying good-by to his wife, who had followed him from Italy.

While the Italia was lying at Stolp, the Italian man of war Citta di Milano, under the command of Commandant Romagna, had been steaming up toward Spitzbergen to prepare for the airship's arrival. The Citta arrived at Spitzbergen on May 2 and there had its first encounter with ice.

At Stolp a number of diplomats and representatives of the Fascist Society in Berlin had gathered. When the Italia at last started, the diplomats had tired of waiting; but the delegates of the Fascist Society paid their homage to the general in song and music immediately before the airship rose.

General Nobile had decided upon the following route: From Stolp to Stockholm on the Swedish east coast, thence northward across the Gulf of Bothnia toward Vadsö in the north of Norway—the flap of Norway that stretches out north of Finland. From there the journey was to be continued to Kings Bay at Spitzbergen, the desolate snow and ice covered mountainous group of islands on the eightieth line of latitude in the polar seas.

SEVEN hours after the start from Stolp I witnessed from my house in Stockholm, the windows of which face south, the beautiful sight of the silver gray airship approaching through the sunlit blue ether. Surrounded by a swarm of Swedish airplanes, which had gone out to greet and escort it, the long oval body, driven by its buzzing engines, glided slowly through the air, lowering itself by violent jolts as it approached the capital of Sweden. Those movements reminded one of the movements of a flat nosed carp behind the glass in an aquarium.

A greater triumph in a foreign country—before he had ever done anything at all—General Nobile could not have dreamed of. Marvelously clear weather, and then those airplanes, which swarmed around, above, under, and alongside, masses of people on the roofs of the houses and in the open squares, flags flying, and the attention paid to him by sending innumerable wireless telegrams wishing him good luck on his voyage.

Among the airplanes that escorted the Italia on her way through Sweden was a Nieuport destroyer flown by Lieutenant Einar Lundborg, the famous Swedish airman, who nearly two months later performed the feat of landing on a small ice floe in the neighborhood of the distressed survivors from the wrecked Italia and rescuing Umberto Nobile to civilization and humiliation.

The leader of this expedition was undoubtedly the very last to imagine that this proud journey would be a failure, greeted as he was by the inhabitants of the Swedish capital with flags and telegrams, while he allowed his beautiful airship to circle around the royal palace, above the Italian minister's palace, and continue on her way to meet her fate.

How the Italia came to grief and international relief efforts were immediately begun is described by the author in the second installment of his article next week.

The GRANDMOTHER

A Story of Love and Two Women

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by
FORREST CROOKS

(Reading time: 29 minutes 6 seconds.)

LUCRETIA TAYLOR folded up the letter and put it away. She wished that she could fold Margot up and put her away too. Lucretia could never feel peaceful and comfortable when Margot seemed as near as she did today.

Lucretia knew what created the illusion that Margot was near. It was that letter—the phrasing. Margot wrote as she spoke, extravagantly, in superlatives, always sacrificing truth that her story might have a better end.

Lucretia's lips drew together in a pale, tight line. She herself had never been able to say that anything in the world was better than "very nice." She had never been able to translate her character into words. Margot was different. Even a shade of stockings that caught Margot's fancy was "marvelous" and food for an hour's raving.

That was Margot—to exaggerate her every emotion, to wrench from every situation the last possible drop of fervor. Yes, to exaggerate her every emotion. Lucretia hadn't forgotten.

Sometimes in her dreams she saw again the girl with eyes like dark jewels who, in the mad, hectic days of the war, sobbed herself into a fever over casualty lists and who fainted at every report of an aviator's death.

It wasn't Lucretia's way to sob or faint. She envied Margot her faculty for forgetting that Gerald was in danger. Surely in those moments that Margot lay gasping for breath she was not thinking of Gerald. Impossible. How could she concentrate so perfectly on the technique of being miserable and still remember Gerald? Lucretia had no moments of forgetfulness. Always terror for his danger beat on her brain like a fierce white light. She sat expressionless, dry eyed, watching Margot curiously, enviously.

"My God, haven't you any feelings? You sit there cold and distant, thinking of something else. That aviator who was brought down could have been Gerald! Your son!"

Those words, so like Margot. So like lines from a play. Lucretia smiled forgivingly at her. She was so young. How could she know the difference between having a sweetheart in the aviation corps and having a son? A sweetheart, to a girl like Margot, was easily replaced. But a son, to a woman like Lucretia—Lucretia's smile was very forgiving.

But Gerald returned from France. He came back to his girl who had "been stark insane with worry for fourteen months" and to his mother who was "glad to see him." Margot took him visiting that first night, and Lucretia knelt beside the bed whereon Gerald had been born and repeated the little prayer which she had said when his pneumonia crisis had been safely passed.

When Margot and Gerald were married, Lucretia promised the God who had twice saved Gerald that she would do all in her limited power to make them happy. They were to live with her. Margot and Lucretia were to be company for each other, as Gerald would be away often. He was going to stay in the air service. Margot knew when she married him that he was going to stay in the service, but that did not prevent her from making scenes.

Lucretia was fiercely enraged by Margot's nonchalant treatment of the little one.

"I can't stand it. I don't sleep. I cry all night and wonder what moment I'm going to hear that your plane crashed. You have to stop flying. Do you hear me? You'll drive me crazy!"

Over and over Lucretia heard the words flailing like sharp missiles through the door of their room. She would hear Gerald begging, pleading for understanding.

"Margot, sweetheart, don't you see that I have to fly? You know how your soul yearned for a new piano? Multiply that a million times and you'll have an idea what flying is to me. Why, I wouldn't be myself if I didn't fly. I wouldn't be the Gerald you married. Oh, honey, try to understand."

After these scenes Gerald's eyes had a hurt and tortured look. His crucified soul looked pleadingly out at his mother.

And when they were alone Lucretia would try. "Margot, I'm a mother-in-law and I hate to be the comic cartoon kind, intruding where I don't belong. But, Margot, why don't you try to reconcile yourself to being an aviator's wife?"

"I can't. I'm not bread and water; I'm flesh and blood."

Later the scenes grew worse. Margot would fling herself on the floor and give herself up to hysteria, banging her feet and hands in a frenzy of despair.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GRANDMOTHER
Continued from page thirteen]

"You knew I wouldn't leave the service when you married me!"

But little it availed a person even in Margot's saner moments to call her attention to an agreement she had made.

When Gerald knew that a little one was coming, he sent an application for discharge to Washington.

"In thirty days, sweetheart, I'll be out of the army," he said, and there was something in his voice which stabbed Lucretia to the heart. She saw Margot's eyes, radiant, pleased. Margot had had her way. Gerald had given his soul for that.

GERALD never received his discharge. While his appeal was still lying an unrecognized, powerless bit of paper on a desk in Washington, the funeral of Lieutenant Gerald Taylor was mentioned in the newspapers.

Margot wouldn't attend the funeral. She lay on a sofa beating at the wall with small white fists.

"He failed me!" she screamed. "Here I am about to have his child and did he care? No! Months ago I pleaded with him, begged him, and would he leave his damn flying to single men without responsibilities? He would not! And here I am! I have to face everything alone! He failed me!"

"He was true to himself, Margot."

"You don't realize what I have to face alone. You're stone, you are. Not even a tear on this terrible day."

"I don't weep at my son's death, Margot, because this flying death of Gerald's was part of him, as were his blue eyes and blond hair. It's a point of his character, a facet in his personality. Don't you see? Oh, Margot, didn't you always see that Gerald would go to God in an airplane?"

"If he'd listened to me, he'd still be here."

"No, Margot. Gerald was fated to go to his eternal sleep with the whir of a motor in his ears."

Lucretia was very brave at her son's funeral. Everyone admired her. She stood beside her boy for the last time and thought of Margot beating the wall with her hands. Oh, God, if it were only granted that for one blessed moment she, too, could find an outlet for the gnawing, sucking agony that festered within her! But it was Lucretia to stand tall and white like a mountain and give no hint of the tumult within.

When her husband had died she had been consoled with the thought of Gerald to love and live for. Now, with Gerald laid away from her care, she squared her shoulders and tightened her lips. There was Margot she had to live for and soon there would be Gerald's child.

Margot had no people of her own, so she stayed on with Lucretia. Together they watched the months pass—Margot lying on the sofa, sighing and occasionally weeping, Lucretia sewing and knitting.

The child was born. A little girl. They named her Geraldine. Margot was very ill. Lucretia had known she would be. She had no fortitude, no sense of proportion. She screamed and cursed. Lucretia held her hand and prayed for her, but it was the ether that helped.

Margot had indeed squeezed every ounce of emotion out of the situation. When her soft, willful soul saw that possibilities for further drama were nil, Margot mended rapidly. There was no nonsense about her now. She obeyed the doctor and Lucretia. She had a new idea.

When the baby was two months old, she revealed her plans. As Lucretia knew, Margot had always been a good pianist. Well, she was going to work. Would Lucretia take care of the baby?

Lucretia said that she would.

Margot got in touch with her former instructor. He was able to get her engagements accompanying singers. Soon Margot was a busy, happy girl again, hurrying about her affairs, humming little songs to herself.

Lucretia had found a degree of happiness, too. Gerald's baby. Eyes like his and a quaint little gesture of impatience which Lucretia had laughed at once in another baby. It didn't make her laugh now, but she would hold the tiny mite close, close to her old breast and sing songs that the baby Gerald had loved.

Margot got into the habit of skipping dinners with her mother-in-law. She was renewing old friendships now. Lucretia did not mind.

When the weather grew warm Lucretia would sit on the veranda for hours rocking the baby back and forth, singing and wondering. All around her house were huge, towering apartment buildings. New York had grown north since her house had been built. Her neighbors were unknown to her, she to them. She would see them glance curiously at her little house wedged between two massive buildings. They seemed to think it strange that there were some people who didn't live cooped in three or four rooms.

This was her house and here she would stay. She had come here as a bride. Her child had been born here and her child's child. It annoyed Margot that the house was so far uptown. At least that was the excuse she gave for staying downtown so often. Lucretia knew that the true reason was because Harriet Bayne had a maid and Margot loved service.

Lucretia loved every night that Margot stayed away. She could bathe the baby then and idle over the bedtime rites. She was fiercely enraged by Margot's nonchalant treatment of the little one. It was as though Margot said, "I'm her mother. The law is with me. I can have her whenever I want her!"

"Mother, I hope," said Margot,

Always there was that—the thought that some day Margot would just casually decide to take the baby somewhere else. Just casually she would pack the tiny white clothes and sail lightly away, leaving a woman who did not know how to cry with nothing to live for except further proof of her stoicism.

Yes, always she had to live with bated breath, watching, hoping. And so the years passed.

The baby grew into a golden haired, blue eyed child. Well had she been named Geraldine. She was a complete feminine edition of her father. She had the same gift of candor, the same slow, lazy smile. Ofttimes as Lucretia saw the sunbeams at play on the bright, golden hair she would clutch at her heart as though she could not bear the beauty of it. Her child's child. Doubly loved, doubly apt to be snatched from her. For there was more than God's hand to consider now. There was Margot.

THE greatest consolation to Lucretia was the fact that Margot had become a greatly sought after accompanist. She went on tours and was gone for months. Months when jealously, insanely did Lucretia guard the child from illness, from disappointments, from all the hurts of the world.

She hated to see Margot come home, but even then there was compensation in seeing the look of wild joy that came to the eyes of Gerald's child. For that child knew, even as Gerald had known, how to love both women without ever making one feel she had been forgotten.

Margot's most recent employer, a famous concert contralto, was resting in Bermuda. Margot was there, too, rehearsing with the singer for the new season. She had been gone

" that you're not going to cry because we left Geraldine in Europe."

for two months. Two blissful months for Lucretia, alone with Geraldine. Days had passed without her even thinking of Margot, whose sudden whim might darken the whole world—and now here was this letter which was like a presence filling the house, reminding Lucretia that her happiness and the golden haired child were only borrowed treasures which she might look at and admire, but must not forget were only hers temporarily.

LUCRETIA made an attempt to shake off her depression. She straightened her shoulders and smothered a sigh. Presently she got up from her chair and walked to the kitchen. She would bake some oatmeal cookies for Geraldine. In her task she found a degree of calm. The homely, commonplace occupation soothed and assured her. When the cookies were in the oven she walked to the door and through the plate glass section watched Geraldine at play.

Gerald had once played at that curb. Right there on that same step he had fallen and cut his knee. And that was the very tree in whose branches he had so often perched. If Lucretia was very careful to look only at the bright yellow hair and brave little figure, it was almost possible to believe that— The mirror in the hall rack gave her the lie. She saw herself gray haired, pale eyed, sixty years old. Many years had passed since her baby had played himself tired outside this door.

This was his baby now—and Margot's. Not hers. Not hers by right of love or service. Not hers by anything in the world. Margot of the light soul and flagellated emotions was this child's mother. In the final analysis one lone old woman cannot offer arguments against biology and law. Margot was the child's mother.

Again Margot was home. Margot with her dark, glowing vividness and her thrilling laughter. Margot strewing nightgowns of gossamer texture and chiffon lingerie about her room. Her perfume lingered in the hallway and floated up the stairs. It billowed about Lucretia, stifling her, choking her.

Frocks, hats, slippers, wraps—on tables, on the piano, over the banister rail, and on every chair. The telephone shrilling every fifteen minutes. Flowers. Two messengers.

Margot, wrapped in heavy white crêpe de Chine, looking beautiful and rather like a hypocritical saint, lay on the sofa telling Geraldine all about her new father.

" Oh, darling, you'll love him! "

The child's brow puckered. The pink mouth trembled violently. " I—I love my own father," she said.

" But, Geraldine, you never knew your father."

" Yes, I did. He was blond like me and very brave. I hate my new father and I'll never, never call him anything but Mr. Bruce."

" You'll call him Donald, just as I do. Won't that be fun? And he'll be awfully good to you. He's just dying to see you. He wanted to come with me, but I made him take the next boat so I'd have time to prepare you for him."

" I hope he can't get a boat."

" Hush, darling. Listen. Donald will buy you everything you want. He's got a great big house and he's going to have three rooms redecorated for you. You'll have a bedroom, a playroom, and a little sitting room— Why, what's the matter, Geraldine? "

The child had suddenly leaped from her mother's side and stood looking down at her, white faced, terror stricken. The little fists were clenched, the small body trembling.

" Mother, I can't go to live in his house. I hate him. I'll die away from grandmother. I hate your Mr. Bruce—I hate him! "

THE beautiful saint in white crêpe de Chine had grown rather tired of the tête-à-tête anyway. She drew herself erect and swept from the room with a soft, rich rustle of silk and a glitter of her new wedding ring.

" I tried to treat you as an adult," she said reproachfully. " Now we'll go back to nursery days. You'll do as you're told without explanations or reasoning."

Lucretia found the child huddled on the sofa, weeping softly. She gathered the forlorn little heap in her arms and rocked her back and forth, singing to her.

" Grandmother, how will you live without me? "

Lucretia's lips moved twice without sound, then closed tightly together. When she finally spoke her voice was very hard and deep.

" I have always done bravely, little girl, what I found I had to do. So must you. You must be very nice to Mr. Bruce."

" Must I forget my own father? All the things you told me about him? "

Lucretia looked questioningly at the child. " Could you? " she asked. " Could you forget him, do you think? "

The child shook her head. " No, I don't think I could. Look, grandma, if you had married after grandfather died, do you think my father would have tried to love the man you married? "

" Yes, darling, he would have tried."

" Then I'll try, grandma. I'll be very nice to Mr. Bru—to Donald."

Lucretia kissed the child and felt the little warm arms wind eagerly about her neck. She pulled herself away with a sudden, fierce jerk and lifted Geraldine off her lap.

" Go play now, child."

And when Geraldine had gone, Lucretia stood watching her through the glass of the door until Margot called and asked for a list of things that Geraldine needed.

Donald Bruce arrived from Bermuda. He was a tall, thin man of forty. His eyes were set too close together, but his general appearance was pleasing. His tailor was Mr. Bruce's idea of the most important man in America.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GRANDMOTHER Continued from page fifteen]

He worshiped Margot, grew embarrassed whenever Lucretia addressed him, and was a trifle absent minded on the subject of Geraldine. Whenever she came before his eyes he gave a slight start and looked as though he wanted to say, "Oh, yes, the child!"

He had dinner at Lucretia's house that first evening. Afterward the Bruces were going to the Bruce house at Scarsdale. A discussion arose as to what was to be done with Geraldine. Lucretia sat silent while the conversation went on.

"You see, dear, I haven't been home in three months. I'm not sure that Mrs. Henry will be able to make the child comfortable without being prepared."

"Nonsense. Geraldine is no baby. She can sleep on any kind of a bed, in any kind of a room. She doesn't need an ivory crib, you know, with flowers painted on it."

Margot's nostrils dilated dangerously. Her eyes were pools of black ice. She was determined that she would have her way in every detail. At once Donald Bruce was to accustom himself to having her child about his house.

"As you will, Margot," he gave in. "I only thought Geraldine might like to find the house for the first time with a nook for her very own self."

"She'll be satisfied," said Margot.

The little girl had been looking from one to the other throughout the conversation. Now she looked pleadingly at Lucretia. Lucretia kept her eyes away from the child. She sat stiff and proud. Too proud to beg Margot for her happiness or for the happiness of Gerald's child.

A CAR came for them. A black and glimmering town car. A chauffeur in livery. Margot put on her wrap. Margot looked about the house with the air of one who stands on a mountain peak surveying the dark, gloomy path up which she has come. Margot said "Hurry" to Geraldine and laid a hastening hand on her shoulder as the child clung to her grandmother.

"Oh, have I everything now?" Margot asked, giving another glance around.

Lucretia Taylor smiled thinly. "Yes, Margot," she said. "You have everything now."

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Taylor; I've loved knowing you." Donald Bruce thus announced that he and his predecessor's mother would not meet again.

"Good-by, mother," Margot said. "I'll bring Geraldine to see you often. You must come to see us, too."

Gerald's child stood straight and dry eyed at her mother's side. "Good-by, grandma," she said. She turned then and went out.

The door closed behind them. Lucretia heard Margot's laughter outside, and her high, gay voice: "Oh, Donald, you're impossible!"

Lucretia sat down on the stairs. She thought that perhaps she would sit there all night. If she got up she would go to a room upstairs where there was a little empty bed and a tiny chair where nobody would ever sit again. She thought of other nights when she had crept into that room and of the peace and strength she had drawn from the soft breathing of beloved children. But God had taken Gerald and Margot had taken Geraldine. The little room was left empty, like Lucretia's heart and her strong old arms.

For hours she sat on the stairs. Silent hours of deathly quiet misery. The blow had fallen. Margot had taken her child. Margot, who could have other children, and who did not especially love Geraldine, had taken her. To what? To a big house, a governess, a stepfather with money.

Margot had asked if she had everything. Everything. For a moment Lucretia thought she was going to laugh, but the moment passed. She knew it would. She was not Margot to be granted the boon of hysteria. She was Lucretia who must always see things sanely, clearly, without a mad moment of respite. Indeed, Margot had everything, even the ability to forget her sorrows in an ecstasy of woe.

Toward dawn Lucretia went upstairs. She walked quietly, blindly, like a somnambulist. She sat down in a rocking chair in the sewing room. It occurred to her that there was no reason for her ever getting up again. Nobody who'd want pancakes for breakfast, nobody to watch from the hallway. Nobody now. Nobody.

But around 9 o'clock Lucretia was downstairs dusting and sweeping. The world had to go on and rooms had to be clean. And Scarsdale wasn't far away.

IN three weeks Margot brought Geraldine to see her grandmother. The two Taylors greeted each other without excitement. Only their eyes told of the loneliness that had haunted those first three weeks of separation. Lucretia knew instinctively that Geraldine had seen little of her mother and much of paid attendants. Geraldine knew that Lucretia was keeping the old blue jar full of fresh cookies. With fifty years between them the mother and daughter of Gerald Taylor looked at each other and understood.

Margot smoked, lying back in a big chair and yawning daintily every so often. Frequently she looked at her watch.

At last she arose and looked significantly at Geraldine. "I told you, darling," she said, "that if we came today we'd have to be home early."

Geraldine obediently got her hat and coat while Margot explained that she had a dinner at her house that evening.

"Next week is Geraldine's birthday," said Lucretia. "If you haven't planned anything for it, could you bring her down here?"

"Why not?" said Margot. "Certainly."

"Oh, really, mother?" Geraldine's eyes glowed.

"Of course you'll come. Now hurry up. Kiss grandmother good-by."

The days passed slowly for Lucretia. She waslooking forward so terribly to Geraldine's birthday.

The child's brow puckered. The pink mouth trembled. "I—I love my own father," she said.

She had bought some books, a doll, and the most adorable little nighties.

Geraldine would love the books. They had such lovely colored plates. And the doll looked a lot like the child herself.

The nighties made Lucretia a little sad. Geraldine would look so sweet in them and it would be only a governess who saw her. Lucretia sighed. She had loved her baby's bedtime so. The dear, sleepy little head and the tiny, fumbling hands.

It was fun baking Geraldine's cake. Of course, on other birthdays Geraldine had helped. She had beaten the eggs. Well, she was going to be here, at least. What was keeping her, anyway? Here it was 2 o'clock already.

At 3 o'clock Lucretia observed that the ice cream was badly melted. At 4 she rooted the gay little pink candles from their grooves and gave the cake to the janitress of the big building next door. At 5 she received a letter delivered by Mr. Bruce's liveried chauffeur:

DEAR MOTHER:

We sail for Europe this morning. I knew we were going the other day, but I thought it kinder not to let Geraldine and you know since you're so fond of each other. As it was, she made a frightful scene when I told her. She is, of course, too young to understand how kind Donald is to take her. I'll write you soon and we'll be back in two or three months.

Lovingly,

MARGOT.

MARGOT did not write from Europe. Lucretia had not expected that she would. She even doubted that Margot would notify her when she returned. After the second month Lucretia phoned the Scarsdale house every week, hoping for news of the Bruces' arrival. Always a voice, lifeless as stone, replied that there had been no message. During the third month Lucretia asked for a place to address Mrs. Bruce. The voice gave her an unsatisfactory answer: the American Express in Paris. Lucretia wrote, but never received an answer. She wondered if the letter had been lost in forwarding or forgotten by Margot.

The fourth month Lucretia struck a bargain with the Bruces' housekeeper. In exchange for ten dollars, payable in advance, Mrs. Henry would notify Mrs. Taylor when the Bruces returned.

The weeks dragged on. Often Lucretia thought that Mrs. Henry had held the agreement lightly, and she would telephone again. But the news was always the same. There had been no arrival and no message.

Six dreary months dropped leadenly into eternity. They left their mark upon Lucretia. She could not have denied that she had known these gloomy, dark months. There was a tortured, frightened question in her eyes. It did not ask "Why?" but "How much more?" Her step was slow. Her hands no longer moved briskly, but flutteringly, often aimlessly. All at once she was a very old woman and all alone.

Sometimes at night she would go and sit on the very edge of the bed that had been Geraldine's. She would stroke the pillow gently, tenderly. She would whisper, "Are you warm enough, darling?" The very moonbeams seemed amused at the spectacle of hard headed, clear sighted Lucretia Taylor courting madness. No, there was no surcease from pain to be found this way. The room would not suddenly seem to hold again the dear little presence.

What a boon, what a blessing it would be to become stark insane and imagine that Geraldine—and perhaps even Gerald—had come back! But there could be no such divine dispensation for her. Her limbs and her eyes might fail her, but the good God would let her keep her keen, cruel brain forever. Lucretia Taylor thought of God as a kind but somewhat stupid Friend—always trying to do His best and always making a lot of trouble for those concerned.

During the seventh month Mrs. Henry telephoned. Her message was necessarily brief—Margot was at home when her housekeeper made the call.

"They're home, Mrs. Taylor. Got home, without writing to me, last night."

"All right, Mrs. Henry. Thank you."

Lucretia went upstairs and dressed. Her hands trembled as she hooked the black taffeta. This was no time for ceremony. She could not afford to telephone Margot and be asked to put off her visit. She was going to Scarsdale to

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

SOUP

and the woman who tried

ONCE UPON a time—and it may have been yesterday—there was a woman who said to herself: "I wonder whether I am wise, after all, never to have tried these condensed soups you can buy at the store."

This woman always had insisted on making her soups at home. She and her family are so very fond of good soup. She would not think of serving any but the best soup. She prided herself on the deliciousness of the soups she made. She is a wonderful housekeeper—a wife and mother who always provides the most delightful and healthful meals. It was only natural for her to hesitate about buying soups made outside the home, for she *took it for granted* that they could not be as good as her own.

BUT THEN she tried. She noticed that her most careful friends always served Campbell's Soups. So she decided to "see for herself". And now she realizes how much useless bother and expense she gave herself in making soups in her kitchen. For in Campbell's Soups she discovered just the delicious quality and flavor she demanded.

The moral of this for every doubting housewife is: Try Campbell's Soups before you make up your mind about them. See if your experience is not the same as that of thousands and thousands of other exacting housewives. See if you are not missing a real chance to cut down your work and still have the finest soups for your family.

Adding an equal quantity of water. Bringing to a boil. Simmering a few minutes. Then the soup is all ready for your table—savory, tempting and delightful. The strictly high quality of Campbell's Soups has given them such tremendous popularity. But the ease and convenience of their service is not overlooked by the housewives of America.

NO HOME kitchen can have all the facilities for fine soup-making possessed by the great, spotless Campbell's kitchens. Here skilled French chefs devote their lives to the blending of delicious soups.

And Campbell's Soups—there are twenty-one, all listed on the label—offer you a variety in selection that is most welcome. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

I'm Rollicking Rollo, the Flash,
To race me, it surely is rash,
For I and my steed
Are lightning for speed
When Campbell's thrill me for the dash!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

AT LAST!

A Leather Belt *that*

S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

HICKOK—the world's largest manufacturer of Belts announces an amazing new Belt. It is made of "Live Leather" that stretches with every movement of the body.

Stand, sit, jump, drive a car, swing a golf club, turn a handspring—the Belt gives your waistline perfect freedom while keeping your trousers snug and neat at all times.

No binding, no adjusting—you hardly know you are wearing a Belt.

The "Live Leather" Belt is as handsome as it is comfortable—made of genuine leathers in a variety of grains and colors.

Slip one of these Belts through your trouser loops. Wear it for a few days. If you are not more than satisfied, your dealer will gladly refund your money. But don't let another day go by without enjoying a "Live Leather". At all good stores.

Illustrated—Belt of Hickok "Live Leather", Java Lizard grain. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Set complete $4.00. Belt and Buckle $3.00

HICKOK

Live LEATHER BELT

IT S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

EVERY *WELL-DRESSED* MAN SHOULD HAVE

4 belt-sets

2 for business
1 for sportwear
1 for formal wear

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

see Gerald's baby. She was going to hold the child close in her arms for an hour and forget the past and future. One solid hour of feeling that tiny warm body against her heart. One hour of believing again in the radiance and the strength of the Man who had pulled Gerald through pneumonia.

MRS. HENRY opened the door. She guessed at once Lucretia's identity and whispered a hasty "Don't give me away."

Lucretia tried to think of a lie to tell which would save Mrs. Henry. She failed to think of one, but Margot did not ask how Lucretia had heard of her arrival. She was not interested enough to wonder.

Lucretia found Margot in her boudoir. She was surrounded by trunks and the finery which they had half disgorged. A Margot in trailing, shimmering negligee, lazy eyed, short tempered.

"Mother!" she said in greeting. One hand she held out to Lucretia and with the other gestured for her maid to answer the phone.

"How are you?" asked Lucretia. "Did you have a nice time?"

"Oh, I'm fine. We had a gorgeous trip, saw everything, met everybody. It was lovely. I'm just fagged out with utter joy."

Lucretia said, "How is Geraldine?"

"She's splendid. Such a big girl now. She gained—let me see—it was either four pounds or— Martha, I'm busy if it's that man about the decorating. Tell him to call Mrs. Henry. It's her job, anyway. She should bear it, let her finish it. Oh, it's Miss Hayes? All right. Hand me the phone.

"Hello, Phyllis. . . . What? . . . Not a thing. No, just watching the unpacking. Why? . . . Sure. Come on over. Right away. I'm not going to do anything all day. 'By."

Margot's eyes fixed themselves absently on Lucretia. What had they been talking about?

"Can I see her now?" asked Lucretia.

"Who? Oh, you mean Geraldine? Of course, we were talking about her, weren't we? I think it was six pounds she gained. Silly how you get off a subject and forget—"

"Can I see her now?"

"Heavens, mother, don't tell me I didn't write to you about it? We put Geraldine in a school in England. A wonderful old school with just scads of green lawns and pink roses around, and no end of jolly looking girls. Donald thought the English schools were so fine and I thought so too. Geraldine will be happy there after she gets used to it, and it's only a matter of two or three years and I can run over and see her once in a while. It's just fine. I know you're accustomed to having luncheon, mother, so why don't you run downstairs and tell Mrs. Henry that I said you were to have some lunch? Tell her just exactly what you want."

Lucretia rose stiffly. "I must be getting home," she said.

Margot's eyes had not met Lucretia's throughout her entire speech. Now she turned them upon her visitor. Lucretia looked incredibly old, incredibly strong. A curious old woman without beauty, but with something that made beauty cheap and tawdry. A hard defiance, a chill high pride. Margot, lolling on her chaise longue, swathed in glittering beauty and ease, had a moment of resentment for Lucretia's strength. She longed to pull her from her mighty perch, to see her human, commonplace.

"Mother, I hope," said Margot, "that you're not going to cry because we left Geraldine in Europe."

Lucretia's lips twisted in a grim smile. "Margot," she answered, "when you see me cry, you will have seen something that nobody on earth ever saw before."

Erect and with her dignity unimpaired the mother of Lieutenant Gerald Taylor swept from the room.

Lucretia got home somehow. She found herself sitting on the familiar veranda, feeling as though she had just awakened from a terrible dream. The windows of the neighboring houses were golden squares of glowing warmth. Behind those windows were families. Mothers with their children, fathers, and perhaps there was even a grandmother to be found.

A school in England. Scads of green lawns. Oh, yes, Margot could run over and see the child once in a while. Margot could. And it

"You have to stop flying. Do you hear me? You'll drive me crazy!"

was only a matter of two or three years.

How old was Margot? Twenty-nine. Two or three years is, of course, a trifle when one is only twenty-nine. But when one is past sixty — Lucretia's nails dug deeply into the palms of her hands. Her breath came in short, tight gasps. She saw the street before her reeling drunkenly, everything grew black. A sharp pain pressed down upon her. She staggered to the door and fitted her key in the lock. She was cold and a pain sat on her heart like a leering, fire spitting fiend. She telephoned her doctor and dropped wearily to the sofa.

An invalid now. She who had been strong and the possessor of perfect health. No exertion. Quiet. Read or sew. No housework. No climbing the stairs more than once a day. It was her heart, the doctor said. A young Irish girl commanded the kitchen and sang hearty, sentimental songs from morning to night. Lucretia's soul yearned for her kitchen and the tasks which she had known for forty years.

One thing kept her glued to her chair, faithful to the doctor's orders. That child, the golden haired child. She must keep life in her old tired body long enough to look again into those great blue eyes.

Religiously she took her medicine, counted her steps. She had to nurse this spark of life which burned so faintly within her. Once again she had to see the child, only once. She never thought past the first meeting. Surely she would die of the wild ecstasy of joy that would sweep over her.

SHE heard no more from Margot. She was glad that things were so. It would be hard to have Margot call and sympathize with her.

It was best to be alone with her hopes and dreams. Once Lucretia might have talked to her God in those long, slow hours, but her God had gone. He was no longer the Man who had spared Gerald, nor even the kind but blundering Friend.

The weeks marched onward, grimly, wearily, like a defeated army, cold and hungry, and Lucretia sat stonily in her chair defying the Angel of Death.

On nights when she felt unusually weak, she slept on the sofa in the living room. She did not dare to climb the stairs. One foolish, unnecessary bit of exertion might deprive her of that golden moment for which she had borne these agonizing weeks.

It was difficult to sleep downstairs. These rooms were so full of memories. Her husband looked sympathetically at her from the shadows. Gerald smiled his slow, lazy smile. Geraldine had romped through these rooms, singing lustily, laughing.

One night, as she lay staring into the darkness, the bell pealed frantically. Lucretia waited to see if Catherine was going to answer the door, but Catherine's sleep was sound and not easily disturbed. The bell rang again. Lucretia weighed the matter. Would it be more effort to open the door or to press several times the buzzer which rang in Catherine's room?

In the end she rose slowly from the sofa, found her wrapper, and walked hesitatingly to the door. She pulled the curtain aside and looked out, then with a gasp of surprise opened the door.

Margot fell into her arms. The Margot of old, hysterical and white, with her hair in a crazy swirl across her forehead. She was in evening dress without a wrap.

Cherry colored satin splashed with mud. Her slippers and stockings were wet and slimy.

Lucretia forced her an arm's length away and shook her. "Control yourself for a moment. What's happened?"

Margot's teeth chattered and her eyes bulged wildly. She fell to a chair and sobbed.

Lucretia's hand caught a clump of Margot's hair and pulled. "Tell me what has happened!" she demanded.

Margot fumbled within the bodice of her gown. She handed Lucretia a bit of crumpled paper. A cablegram. Lucretia staggered closer to the light. The cablegram was worded as kindly as one could expect, considering the prices of cablegrams:

GERALDINE DEAD DIPHTHERIA ILL ONE DAY PLEASE ADVISE

Margot raised her head and looked at Lucretia. "I came to you," she wailed, "because you're the only one in the world who knows how badly I feel. Donald was like a stranger. Oh, God knows how I loved that baby!"

Her voice rose to a high, weird pitch. A long, bloodcurdling keen. Her face was distorted with anguish and woe.

Presently Lucretia sat down. The pain was alive again, burning her, scorching her. Her heart, her battered heart.

FROM her chair she continued to watch Margot. She knew it was the last time she would ever see Margot. Or anyone else. With the realization came a sudden flood of light. Margot was suffering. This was not a game or an affectation. She was hearing Margot wailing from the depths of hell. Margot had loved that child. How could Lucretia Taylor have guessed that?

Margot was beating her hands against the wall now. How Lucretia had envied her the faculty of forgetting, for a mad, hysterical moment, her grief. And how she had recently envied Margot her youth and health.

Lucretia smiled slightly. At last she was going to get what Gerald had called a "break." Let Margot have her one moment of forgetfulness. She, Lucretia, was going to have complete and lasting oblivion. Very, very soon now she was not going to know grief or torture any more. Let Margot have her youth, her long, long future. She, Lucretia, was going to forget forever, without even having had much time to realize, that the little brave figure with the golden hair would never, never again—would never, never again—would never—

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IN CELEBRATION OF OUR SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY WE HEREWITH REPRINT THE FIRST NEWS OF THE WORLD PAGE FROM THE ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 15, 1868.

A REVOLTING CAMERA STUDY of a stripling of eighteen staggering out of a saloon under the influence of the DEMON RUM. Thoughtful people are asking if the Civil War was fought in vain if this is what it has done to our youth.

"MISS MAINE," WINNER OF THE 1868 BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST, parades at Atlantic City in a costume of questionable taste. If the costumes worn by these young ladies continue to be more and more abbreviated, as they have during the past few years, one wonders where it will all end!

THE POPULAR CANDIDATE ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET, General Ulysses S. Grant, photographed wearing the "five-gallon" hat presented to him by his admirers among the cowboys during a Western speaking tour.

MRS. CARRIE COWPERTHWAITE CRUNCH, the celebrated Woman's Suffrage advocate, delivering the speech in which she said that politics would be purified and graft and crime would become things of the past if women were given the vote.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOW GIRLS in The Black Crook, now being presented at Niblo's Garden, New York. She is Miss Fannie Ward and is to be seen nightly, the third from the right end.

They change so quickly!

And memories fade so soon . .

Snapshots taken now will be priceless

in years to come

Keep your Kodak handy and get snapshots like this one.

IT HAS happened to you, perhaps.

You've seen little Junior as a gurgling, roly-poly infant with no teeth, not much hair, and uttering the cutest but most unintelligible sounds. You think of him as the occupant of a high-chair, a baby-carriage, or a Kiddie Koop.

Then suddenly he sheds all these, sheds them as completely as a butterfly sheds its cocoon. He's talking, walking, eating — very much like folks twenty times his age. A new independence shines in his eyes. The Junior of a few months ago is gone never to return.

For quite a while Mary Jane is a giggling, lisping, dimpled mite to be hugged and kissed and cuddled by adoring grown-ups. Her utter joy on receiving a new and beautiful doll . . . her complete despair on breaking an old and cherished one . . . she's just a dear little baby and you feel as though she always will be.

But, presto! Mary Jane turns into another person. Dignity enters her life. She begins loving her teachers more than she loves her dolls. The significance and importance of Clothes dawn on her eager mind. She undertakes some of the household tasks. She's an entirely *new* Mary Jane.

It is then that you begin looking over all the snapshots you've taken. Almost always you wish (when it is too late) that you had taken more. And as the years pass this wish grows stronger, because those snapshots you did take continually become more precious.

You learn how difficult it is to remember your children as they used to be. They change so quickly . . . and memories fade so soon! What a wonderful reward you get for using your Kodak . . . often one little snapshot brings back a whole series of happy recollections.

So get your Kodak out and put it where you can reach it at a moment's notice. Perhaps this very day you will get an opportunity to "snap" a picture that in after years will become priceless.

If you haven't a camera, get one at once. They are on sale everywhere and they cost so little you don't have to worry as to whether you can afford one. You can buy the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as low as $2 and Kodaks from $5 up.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

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28

First Stock Truck Across Sahara

An International Harvester Product!

"Baron Blixen Gets Out and Staggers Toward the Drums. What an Eternity it Takes—"

Thrilling Narrative of Man and International Truck Conquering 3000 Miles of World's Greatest Desert

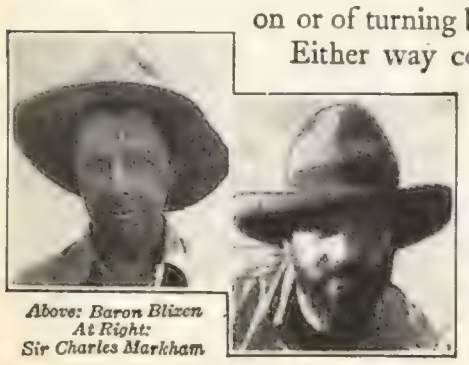
by SIR CHARLES MARKHAM

IF I WERE asked to state why Baron Frederik von Blixen-Finecke and I crossed the Sahara by truck, I should find it difficult to answer beyond admitting that in doing so we attempted and accomplished something which everyone claimed was impossible. We both felt that having gone so far as buying an International Special Delivery we would ignore advice and go on.

On March 26th we started our adventure from Kano, in Nigeria. Our thermometer registered 125° in the shade, which was about the temperature it maintained through the trip. Progress from Niamey on was slow, barely averaging ten miles per hour.

* * *

The desolation at Tabankort, an abandoned military post, would drive most white men crazy in a month. The heat is beyond description. The water is almost as salt as the sea, so we decided not to fill our two 10-gallon drums as we should pass another water hole called Asselagh, about 60 miles farther on. The going became steadily worse. At dusk we came to the conclusion we had either missed the well, or that the tracks did not lead to it. We were faced with the alternative of going on or of turning back.



Above: Baron Blixen
At Right:
Sir Charles Markham

Either way courted death and a terrible one, but we decided to go on. At 2:30 A. M. we were compelled to stop, overcome by exhaustion. A small glass of water and dry biscuits for us, but not a sound of complaint from our wonderful truck. The going became worse, involving corrugated iron sheets under the wheels, which otherwise would have sunk to the hubs in sand. Four feet forward—stop. Scratch sand, replace sheets, again forward four feet. There was less than a gallon and a half of water left. Our International was boiling constantly but kept faithfully on and every drop of water poured into the radiator like so much of our life's blood. Finally, a speck on the horizon! Our hopes rise, "What is it," we cry, "can it be water?" Hardly can we curb our impatience. We reach the steel drum. Empty! Our hopes are dashed and both secretly think we have come to the end of our last journey.

The next day, we ran into a deep valley of sand. The truck sank in to the axle. Only a quart of water left—for the engine, or ourselves? We compromised with a mouthful apiece and the car drank the rest. Progress was terribly slow, the truck shuddering under the terrific strain from the resistance of the sand, but coming through with flying colors. We climb a small escarpment, and see, barely a mile away, five drums standing in solitary state. Are they empty, or filled with water—or petrol? Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes to cover that mile; but eventually he reaches them.

It is water! With feverish haste we drink the precious liquid which means life.

* * *

Next morning we were off into the Tanezruft Desert, where it has never been known to rain, and reached Reggan two days later. On April 12th we reached Algiers, having covered 4,535 kilometers (about 2,800 miles) in sixteen days. From Kano to Algiers we consumed 156 gallons of petrol.

We were not only glad to have accomplished the journey, but to have done it in a regular stock model International Truck, without special equipment or preparation, other than extra fuel, tires and water; no spare parts of any description were carried—or needed.

NOTE: International Harvester will be pleased to send you with its compliments, the complete story of Sir Charles, in booklet form, profusely illustrated. Use coupon below.

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American troops returning from the front line trenches to their camp through the town of Nonsard, near St. Mihiel, in September, 1918.

U. S. Official photo

Ten Years Ago *This Week*

The Baptism of Fire at St. Mihiel

By

FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 20 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE great day had come when Pershing was looking up at Montsec again—in September, 1918.

For four years curses had risen toward Montsec from the men wallowing in mud at its foot. And for four years Montsec, high and dry, had glared down on them in gloating defiance.

"We ought to have that mountain," Pershing had said eight months previously, when he was with some of his troops getting their first active trench experience under Montsec's plunging fire.

Never had the Germans on Montsec felt so cocky as that winter previous. They knew that with Russia beaten and Italy, Roumania, and Serbia at bay, all the strength of Germany was being marshaled in France for the coming spring drives to end the war with German victory.

With only three divisions in France that had any trench experience, Pershing had to turn his back at the time on Montsec. But it remained in his mind during the subsequent months of trial like the sentinel guide of the plan he had made when he arrived in France. It stood for what had brought him and his soldiers across the ocean—the bastion between them and their ultimate goal.

When our divisions were scattered to meet the German drives in western France, Montsec seemed far away—far away from Cantigny, Belleau Wood, and the second Marne battle. There were days when it looked as if we should always be feeding our divisions into the Allied lines as pinch hitters and never have them together in our own sector in front of Montsec.

But "a stubborn man, your Pershing," as "Tiger" Clemenceau had said. He could never be happy until he had Montsec.

Pershing had called the Marne salient, which had been made by the third German drive, "a military insult." It was an insult of emergency. Closing it was to him only a job delaying the big job of avenging the great insult of four years' standing. This was the St. Mihiel salient.

The St. Mihiel salient had existed since the German tidal wave into France—at the start of the war in September, 1914—had rested there after the retreat from the Marne.

IT was a V sunk into the Allied lines southeast of Verdun. When rocking chair strategists the world over looked at the V on their flat maps—which made the ground appear level—they asked: "Why not close in on the sides, catch the enemy in a cross fire, and pinch him out?"

It appeared easy. So the French had thought when the V was fresh. But in two valiant attacks on it in the fall of 1914 and again in 1917 they had met bloody repulse.

It was evident that another effort would be futile; evident because inside the V were Montsec and other heights, nature's fortresses.

When the Germans had any spare time in that sector they put in more licks making their defenses stronger. Their trench system on the plain flanking the heights was from four to six miles deep. Take the front line, and there was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Reading Time 45 seconds

Watching the clock

"laziness" often the first sign of cachexia (run-down condition)

When work becomes a bore and you face each hour with despair, it's often due not so much to the work as to your own impaired physical condition.

Sufferers from cachexia, conscious of their vanishing strength and vigor, should eat yeast . . . for this simple food has restored millions of ailing men and women to robust health.

The best yeast for eating is Yeast Foam Tablets. This yeast is pure, it comes in convenient pellets; it keeps; it is palatable and it doesn't ferment nor cause gas. Only 5c for the handy packet or 50c for the large 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
[Continued from page twenty-three]

another behind that, and then still another, each protected by fields of barbed wire.

Feeling that they were there to stay, the Germans made themselves comfortable. They put in a pumping station for a running water supply on the height of Hattonchâtel. They had electric lights there, and in some of their P. C. [post of command] dugouts. And it was pleasant for them to think that in the town of St. Mihiel at the point of the V was the home of Poincaré, the President of France.

Oh, Heinie was sitting pretty on the perch of Montsec. German divisions which had had hard fighting elsewhere were sent there to enjoy the scenery. Beyond the salient was the plain of the Woëvre. From the heights it stretched—a vast carpet, figured with villages, as far as the eye could see—on—on into Germany, the promised land.

Back in June, 1917, Pershing had planned that the American sector should face this region. There he would form his army for the final offensive of the war. His eye was on the plain beyond the bastions of the salient.

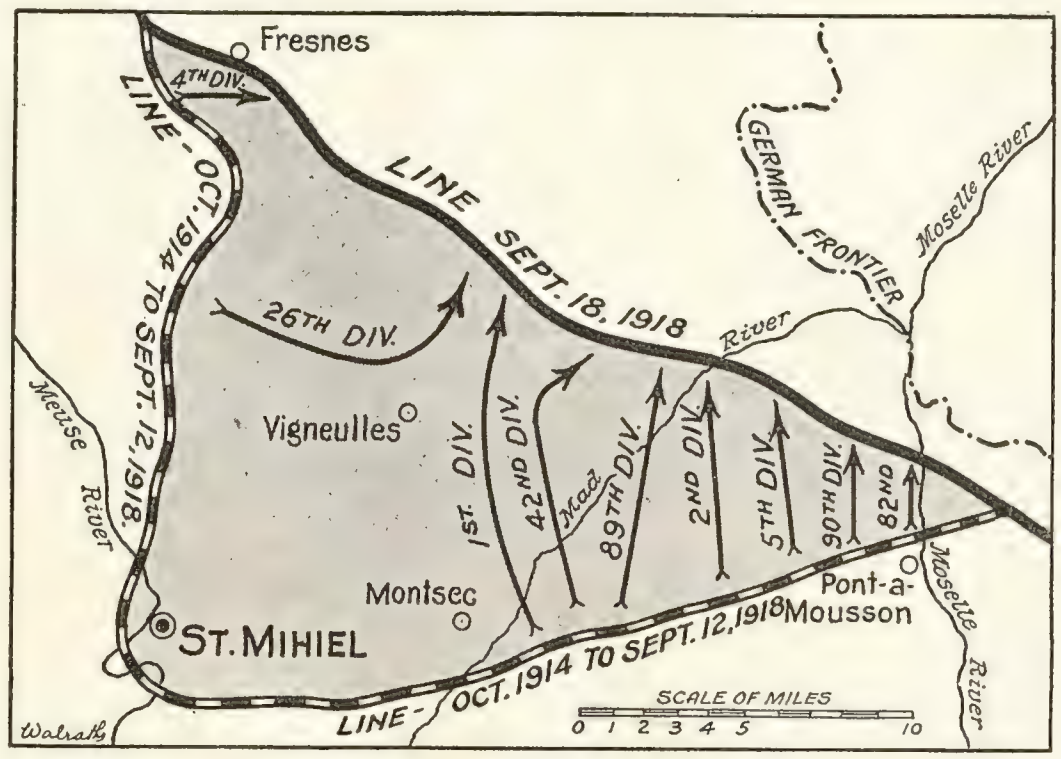
WHEN he was ready he would strike for Metz, the great outpost city on German soil; for the Briey iron fields which gave Germany steel for her weapons; for the German railroads which were the lifeblood of the German army in western France and Belgium.

The purpose was the same as a thrust at the trunk line railroads out of New York while they were supplying an army of invasion which had reached Pittsburgh. When that threat became a positive danger the German army would have to fall back toward Germany. It was just a matter of leverage, but a mighty lever was required.

We had to go through all those defenses of the salient — Montsec was only a first bite—across the plain and over the hills beyond. The nearer we came to our goal, the more Germans would be drawn off from western France to protect their line of communication.

Pershing was before Montsec in September, not to turn his back until the mountain was ours. He had a lot of company of the right kind for taking mountains—company singing The Gang's All Here to a purpose. There were then 2,000,000 Americans in France, counting all the men in the Service of Supply and our divisions scattered elsewhere.

Come to the St. Mihiel salient, after their part in the first stage of clearing the Marne salient, were the First, the Second, and the Twenty-sixth divisions, which knew Montsec of old and owed it a grudge. There was also the veteran Forty-second; and that was not all in that family reunion. Streams of khaki were flowing into a reservoir inundating the French countryside.



A map of the St. Mihiel area. The shaded part shows the territory wrested from the Germans, with the positions of the American divisions indicated by arrows. The broken line represents the German front when the doughboys opened their assault; the solid black line is the line to which the Kaiser's troops retreated.

Everyone knew that there was to be a big show and that he was to be in it and it was to be an American show. Samples of all the war machines that we had been building were in array. All the parts which men had sweated blood to prepare were being assembled into a whole.

The drill from awkward squad to trenches, the navy's guardianship through the submarine zone, the labor of America from factories to ports, the driving and the urging, had finally culminated and concentrated in sight of hoary old Montsec in the supreme product of war making, from turning out shells to sentry go—the men and the material for battle.

Everybody tabbed, the smallest tab being that of the metal disk of each man. Every unit having its shoulder insignia. Divisions seeing the insignia of other divisions which were new to them. Massachusetts finding that Texas was also in the war. Long convoys of big three ton American motor-trucks. Ammunition dumps rising. American ambulances. American planes like flocks of wide winged birds hopping off and settling on farmers' fields. American tanks grunting and trundling toward the front. The almighty American military police, come into their own, directing traffic.

Picture by Captain J. W. Thomason.

The mass of our fire lashed the Germans in the front lines. Here was system being blown to bits; and the German depends upon system.

Infantry was kept in the background making way for the ammunition trucks forming dumps of shells. The artillery was crowding forward to get into position. Our shells were to pound Montsec as an incident of the widespread deluge which was to thrash the defenses, cut the barbed wire, and form the shield of bursts to protect the advance of the infantry.

Even the veteran doughboys found themselves drilling again. This was no surprise. If the war should last 1,000 years there would be still more paces to put them through. Our divisions which had come from the area of the German drives had been in open fighting. Here was a job of another kind. They had to go through those trench systems; to conquer all the set defenses that German military skill could devise and labor construct. If the shellfire did not cut the barbed wire they had to cut it themselves or work their way through gaps.

AND *liaison—liaison—liaison!*—do not forget the biggest word the French language had for us in the war. The *liaison* reminders were like mother's warning to sonny not to wade too deep unless he held big brother's hand.

Let twenty men try to keep in line as they look for something lost—say a golf ball—advancing at a certain pace timed by a watch, and you have an idea what *liaison* is. This the doughboys had to do, reaching given points on a time schedule in face of machine guns, shellbursts, gas, and so forth and so forth — when the going varied from easy to murderous.

Liaison meant, then, keeping touch with the fellow at your elbow and each unit keeping touch with the unit at its elbow through woods and over streams. Otherwise some units would find themselves in Vs under cross fire, which was one more lesson to be drilled into the doughboy again before St.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

ATWATER KENT RADIO

1929 ELECTRIC SET GIVES YOU THE THRILL OF RADIO AT ITS BEST

$77 [without tubes]

MODEL 40 A. C. set. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Requires six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, $77 (without tubes).

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WHAT a world—this new, ever-changing world of radio entertainment. And how easily the door swings back and lets you in. Snap a tiny switch, touch the FULL-VISION Dial—there you are!

A tender song of evenings long ago—flashing scimitars of the Turkish March—the stabbing pathos of Juliet on the balcony—music that makes you say "I could dance all night"—the latest news of the world—the Presidential campaign—baseball—football—everything to hold your interest.

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"Radio's truest voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size, each $20.

Simple, compact, sturdy, beautiful—the highest development of all-electric radio that you can find today—the Atwater Kent all-electric set is so much better in every way that it leads by a wide margin.

So much better—and yet inexpensive, appealing to thrift as well as the senses of sight and hearing. More than you expect of radio—at less than you expect to pay.

Consult an Atwater Kent dealer about a home demonstration. The satisfaction of more than 1,700,000 Atwater Kent owners must impress you. A trial in your own home, with all the family gathered around to share the fun, will prove conclusively that here is *the* 1929 electric set.

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent Hour — listen in!

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

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HINDS CREAM

Whisk off
Whiskers.
Yes, you can.
This is the way.
First Hinds Cream,
Then lather,
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Whisk!
Go the whiskers.
But don't forget
Hinds Cream first.
It makes whiskers
Oh-so-reasonable.
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Or should have.
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Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

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Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after September, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
[Continued from page twenty-four]

Mihiel. Where hitherto not more than two of our divisions had been elbow to elbow in battle, now nine were to be.

No light in the darkness. Everybody pursued by warnings from on high to take refuge in concealment. Maybe we could not take the enemy by surprise, but no pains must be spared to keep from him our strength and plan and, above all, when we were to jump him.

Pershing, who had organized the preparations in his headquarters at Chaumont, had a new headquarters at the front—battle headquarters. At last that vision he had formed when he came to France with a little group of officers had come true. The marks on paper plans were trained flesh and blood.

At last he had his own army on which he had imposed the same ruthless labor as on himself. It was three times the size of the combined armies of Grant and Lee at the Wilderness—500,000 men, including 50,000 French and our divisions in reserve. We had 3,000 guns—many lent by the French, who wanted to be sure we had enough.

WHAT would Pershing do with his army? This was the question of the veteran French staff, trained before the war to handle great masses of men and having four years of practice in action, as they thought of the German staff which had had the same experience. For an army is not just a lot of armed men. It is the most complicated of organizations. From the top, where the big plan is made, all the way down to the corporals, orders must be carried out so well that all the parts will work together like an athlete's muscles in answer to his brain, to give power and judgment to his effort.

This team play was the job of that much bedamned "staff" which is cussed out for everything that goes wrong; and there was never a battle in history in which a lot of things did not go wrong or an army in which everything was right—not when you pay for mistakes in death and misery.

War is an irritating business in which nobody listens to excuses, especially not Pershing and especially not from a staff officer. If the doughboys could have heard some of his remarks to some officers they would have thought top kicks gentle souls.

Drill, ye terriers, drill! You're in the army now, no matter what your previous condition.

Soon after we were in France there had been schools established in every branch for officers picked for the staff. This meant you were supposed to have brains, while you soon got the idea from your instructors that that had been a delusion of your fond parents and friends at home.

Men of thirty and forty were back on the benches at the primer stuff, being lectured, reciting, and studying up for the morrow far into the night. When brains cracked from the labor of it—well, that showed that you would not stand battle strain.

A harassed major at a staff school, after having been told that his plan of troop movement would have tied up an army corps, remarked that he would like to be a rear private where his mistake would not be so conspicuous.

Now the learning in school was

U. S. Official photos

A view of Montsec, which the Germans had heavily fortified and held for four years—until Pershing dislodged them.

to be put to the test in handling this hurriedly assembled army for the first big American offensive, which had been looked forward to for the spring of 1919. But opportunity had struck the hour as the German army showed signs of weakening. We did not want them to have time to revive their spirits.

"Anyway, we have been weaned," said a division general who had been beaten back and forth along the line in Allied leading strings. "I feel as if I belonged again to an independent nation."

Should we fail, loudest would be the "I told you so" from Tiger Clemenceau, Premier of France. He had been the most opposed of all to our having an army of our own. He believed that the only way to win the war was to send over all the cannon fodder we could to be mixed with the French army as recruits.

Nobody so French as the Tiger. He would have only one army in the world, the French army. If he had been an American he would have had only an American army. I doubt if he does not think that

"A stubborn man, your Pershing," Clemenceau had said.

he said, "My country, right or wrong," before Decatur.

On the night of the 11th the stage was set for the entrance of the principal actors. The doughboys went into position softly. Everything very softly. No sound except their rhythmic tread on the soft earth.

Then, at 1 A. M., the secret was out. The Germans had it as suddenly as if a gong twenty miles broad had been struck by a hammer weighing a thousand tons. The top had been blown off the volcano; rather the tops of 3,000 volcanoes as the 3,000 guns spoke along both sides of the old St. Mihiel salient.

No tread of infantry now. Doughboys hugged the trenches, waiting. The sound of wheels was drowned by the crashes that rocked the earth. Everybody was free to use pocket torches or to strike matches when the sky was quivering with linked leaping tongues of flame.

Nothing new about this on the western front. There had been many such bombardments before attacks—not one of which but had eventually stopped, and hence the war was still on. But this was an American bombardment starting the American offensive which must win—win, whether it took weeks or years—for America was the last of the strong nations left to fight on the Allied side.

FOUR hours of that rage of shell lashing, that racking chaos of sound and flashes. Nothing new in the suspense of the doughboys in the trenches before going over the top; nothing new in the suspense of headquarters when the zero hour had struck at 5 o'clock.

There had been many zero hours on the western front. But this was American suspense. America would have news tomorrow of the medicine her sons had been making far away in France. The wonder of it, and the terrible power of it, as waves of infantry rose with the breaking of light.

Our right rested on the bank of the Moselle, our left on the western face of the V toward Verdun. The First and the Fourth Corps on the right, the Fifth Corps on the left. The whole known as the First American Army, Pershing in command.

The attack was not to be a climb like doughboys had expected when thinking of Montsec. That would have been as foolish as wading a river when you have a boat. We were not to storm the heights or strike at the point of the V at St. Mihiel, but two separate drives were to close in on both sides, pinching out the toe of the salient and the heights.

Under the corps were the divisions, each with its part set in the pattern of maneuver; each with objectives to take in a given time so that the whole should work in teamplay—a hit and run, bunt, sacrifice fly and dash for second base sort of teamplay. The advance of the doughboy waves was like some vast pageant—but grim, colorless.

Some divisions had to wait in reserve or mark time for their turn; others were set for a sprint. There was the Fourth, only having had time to get its breath after 5,000 casualties in the Marne salient, a pivot on the extreme left.

Farthest away from it, on the other end of the line, astride the

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Has the Garage Man
REMINDED YOU
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PUROLATOR *at 8,000 miles?*
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

The Purolator cartridge always comes in a self-contained, oil-tight metal case, thoroughly tested for leaks and seepage before leaving the factory. To re-cartridge the Purolator, the garage man simply detaches the old metal housing and puts on a new one, containing a new, clean filter element. No oily packing to handle. No adjustments to make.

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Have you driven your car 8,000 miles or more?

Has your garage man reminded you to re-cartridge your Purolator?

If he has not, *you* had better remind *him*.

For if you've driven more than 8,000 miles without a new Purolator cartridge you are subjecting your motor to the risks of dirty oil.

Dirty oil will mean worn bearings, worn pistons and cylinders, loose timing gears and camshafts—knocks, noise, clatters and rattles—

And perhaps a big repair bill.

The Purolator removes all the harmful dirt, metal particles and hard carbon from your oil for 8,000 miles. After that it cannot function properly without a new Purolator cartridge, for the old cartridge is full of grit and foreign matter—and the fine Purolator might as well not be on your car at all.

If the garage man has not reminded *you*—be sure to remind *him to re-cartridge your Purolator*.

It takes only a few minutes and costs little in comparison to the money it saves you.

U. S. Official photos

A First Division machine gun company advancing through the ruins of St. Baussant toward St. Mihiel on September 13, 1918.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Continued from page twenty-six]

Moselle, the pivot of the big swing, was the Eighty-second, National Army and newcomers, trained in the South and filled with draft men from all over the country. (You will hear much of the Eighty-second in the Meuse-Argonne.)

The veteran Twenty-sixth was on the left western face, with the French. It had not so far to go at first—not until it became a catapult released by the success of the big swing on the southern face. And the right of the big swing was the Ninetieth, National Army, Texas, next to the Eighty-second, under command of the tall Major General Henry T. ("Hal") Allen. The Texans were warned that they must not do a longhorn stampede into Le Prétre woods until the word came. At first they were to mark time.

Then, right to left in the big swing, came the Fifth, a regular division. Then the pioneer Second. Then the Eighty-ninth, National Army, Kansas, trained by Leonard Wood, now under command of Major General William M. ("Bill") Wright, which, like the Fifth, was having its first taste of major league stuff.

Then the veteran Rainbow Forty-second. Then the pioneer First at the extreme end, which had the farthest of all to go in the big swing, and by the grace of the god of battles was to join hands with the Twenty-sixth, closing the gap—closing the V.

THIS reads like an army list. But not to any man who was in one of the divisions on that day. To him it calls up the greatest day of his life up to September 13, 1918. (The Meuse-Argonne Battle was coming.)

Each division was a third the size of either army at Gettysburg. Each was on its toes to do its part in the teamwork under the spur of rivalry with other divisions of their own army and each for the first time against a great trench system.

Our new army faced such defenses as the British army had faced in its first great Battle of the Somme. The British made that attack just two years after Great Britain was in the war. They were near their base. We were 3,000 miles away, and seventeen months had passed since we had entered the war.

We might expect messages about sections of our infantry held up by uncut barbed wire, machine gun nests, and artillery concentrations; about portions which had found the going easier and were too far advanced and caught between cross fire. Calls, then, for reserves.

Night might find us fighting to hold what gains we had made, the salient still German, with the bloody cost of failure or half success in the stream of laden ambulances. So it had often been in great offensives against that wall of defense on the western front. For it was the suspense before St. Mihiel that makes the story—that and the shouting afterward.

As the light grew clearer the word was that we were everywhere advancing. As the morning wore on, still the good news kept coming in.

A carrier pigeon brought a message to First Corps headquarters that the Second was already in Thiaucourt at 11—a five mile gain. A vital point, Thiaucourt. Much petted, that pigeon.

My own were livelier impressions than at headquarters as I footed it to keep up with the bunion derby of the doughboys. First, second, third line of trenches passed. Villages laid flat by four years of shellfire also passed. All the barbed wire behind us. Future wrestling in the open.

I was seeing a harvest of battle reaping—captured guns and supply trains and bunches of prisoners.

"You had us," the blinking prisoners said. "We did not expect you—not so soon."

This finally confirmed a suspicion of the previous day. It explained why the German answer to our bombardment and the shellfire on our advancing infantry had been lighter than we had anticipated.

Under stiff blows the German high command had been doing some hard thinking the last few weeks and listening in on The Gang's All Here song. Americans seemed springing out of the earth. American divisions were closing the Marne salient, with the French storming the Chemin des Dames, and with the British in a bold stroke winning back their lost battlefields.

Yet, as Hindenburg and Ludendorff knew, we had enough to spare to muster this great army in our own sector. With Foch's swift thrusts pressing them they must reorganize their position and fall back to shorter lines for defense.

It was decided to withdraw from the sixty mile front of the faces of the St. Mihiel salient to the thirty-five mile front across the base of the V.

Orders had been given. Withdrawal was starting when our bombardment of the morning of the 12th told the Germans our infantry would be coming sooner than they expected. They were ready for us neither on the old line nor on the new.

Our heavy shells carried as far as Metz; they plotted railroad stations, crossroads, and supply depots.

The mass of our fire lashed the Germans in the front lines to their dugouts. They could only keep under until the storm was over. As it lifted, the Yank would be at Heinie's door with bomb and bayonet.

It was suicide trying to withdraw; suicide trying to re-enforce the front under that hurricane which killed messengers and cut the wires which carried orders.

Here was system being blown to bits; and the German depends upon system. Besides, veterans know when the cards are stacked against them. What to do but to quit? "You have us."

Not that all quit without a fight. Machine gunners breasted our barrages and took toll while life was in them. Guns which were on their way to the rear turned and emptied their caissons in support of guns still in position.

We had a surprise as well as the Germans. We had been prepared for terrific resistance, to be mauled and shredded by shellfire; to crawl on our bellies to cut wire—our first trial as an army.

Expecting to strain with all our strength to break a steel band, we found it snapping with our first impact. We were doing the thing with our first wind. So second wind was only a deep breath of continuing effort.

Success fed the fever of the advance. We swept through gaps around the eddies of resistance which we bagged. *Liaison?* We made it a sweep, elbow to elbow.

At the end of the day every division had done its stint according to plan. The Second, Forty-second, and Eighty-ninth had their six miles, the Fifth its four, and the First, with farthest to go, its seven.

BUT every hour gave the Germans time to reform and bring more force to bear to stop this American parade. Their guns were getting busy. We must keep going ahead while the going was good, the bit in our teeth. Victory was wine. Give us more of it.

A dramatic business, now. Remember that three divisions which had served longest in the mire under its guns and had the biggest grudge against Montsec were the First, the Second, and the Twenty-sixth. As its assigned part in the teamplay, the Twenty-sixth had done its three miles during the day, striking from the western side of the V.

The leash off now. The Twenty-sixth humped itself to do another three. A race to Vigneulles through the night, to the meeting point. And when these thrusts from the two sides met, our line was intact across the base of the V. The salient was closed. Ludendorff was back on his new line of defense in not quite the manner he had planned.

The longhorns of the Ninetieth had no longer to be a pivot. They had taken the famous Le Prétre woods which for four years had been a bleeding sore in the French side. We kept on all the next day as resistance increased. No rest for the doughboy. At it until exhausted in victory or repulse.

"Well, we did it," said Pershing. There

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

An American munitions outfit crossing a difficult stretch of country en route to the front.

The difference between Tillie Wish *and* Tillie Wash

"She seems to get so much that's worth while out of life . . . . I wish I knew how she does it," laments Tillie Wish . . . . Tillie doesn't realize it's the difference between wishing and washing.

Did anybody ever put sparkle into Junior's hair, hands and cheeks or an irresistible air of spotlessness into Dad's linen — just by wishing it there?

Thinking women see in these things part of the real stuff of which dream castles are built. They rank cleanliness as well worth while — and by that they mean clean homes, closets full of clean things, a clean-looking family.

FALL IN LOVE WITH SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

New Faces for Old
while you wait!

all the effect of a wonderfully refreshing barber's massage in 10 seconds—and you do it yourself.

DON'T go around with a tired, haggard look on your face, as tho you were up all night or just staggered thru one of those harrowing off days at the office.

No matter how tired your face looks—here's a simple, easy way to pep right up, feel bright, alert, gloriously alive—and look it. The thing to do is this. After your shave just pat on a few drops of Fougere Royale After Shaving Lotion. Takes 10 seconds to do—and the effect is marvelous. Makes you actually feel like a new person. Some men keep a bottle in the office to freshen up—kill fatigue.

First you get a zippy, tingling sensation that wakes up the pores like an expert barber's massage—that stimulates circulation—brings up good red color to the surface skin that washes away fatigue poisons. Supporting muscle tissue is toned up. Pouchy fat tightens. Your face gets that keen, youthful, athletic look. Styptic, too—heals cuts, etc.

If you want to make shaving a real luxury—a ritual of morning joy—shave with the new Fougere Royale Shaving Cream. Here's one that not only offers a perfect cutting lather but can't possibly irritate the tenderest skin. Because it's scientifically balanced—non-caustic.

Try these two. They're wonderful. Both are mildly perfumed with FougereRoyale(RoyalFern),awholesome outdoor man's fragrance. At druggists everywhere, or generous samples for the coupon below.

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After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
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Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

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You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name----------

Address----------

City----------*State*----------

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page twenty-eight

was a satisfied twinkle in his eye as he looked up at that mountain from which our flag flew.

The Germans there had been caught like a coon up a tree. They had looked helplessly down on the sweep of our waves of infantry which had pinched out the heights as well as the town of St. Mihiel, which now we had only to occupy.

Also a twinkle in the eye of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who was in France on a tour of inspection and had something quite pleasant to inspect. Also a twinkle in the eye of old Tiger Clemenceau, who also came to relish victory.

"Veree good! *Magnifique!*" murmured the Tiger, who had been crying only four months ago when our backs were against the wall, "I fight before Paris, in Paris, behind Paris," as he appealed for more and more Americans to come to save the day.

We had taken 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns and trains and depots of supplies. Our own casualties in this action, counting every man with a scratch, were 7,000. Even if we had met much less resistance, the way we had kept our formations through the trench systems and fields of barbed wire answered the question whether our proved divisions had been proved as an army.

More than prisoners and guns had been won. St. Mihiel was great propaganda—that of victory; of deeds, not words; of confidence for us; of discouragement for the Germans everywhere facing The Gang's All Here.

We had the heights behind us now. We were out on the plain, the promised land of Germany ahead. But no further advance. We were digging in. A purchase on the goal won, we were to go no farther. If we had tried to we might have been mired in the mud, as the fall rains were on.

But that was not the reason for stopping. It was in the plans of Marshal Foch, Allied generalissimo, director of drives. He would have our next drive on another front. Good fighting weather was passing. Speed the attack while we had the enemy on the jump, and we might have him out of France before winter gave him time to lick his wounds, re-form, and get strong again. There was no suggestion that more than this was hoped for—no suggestion of the end of the war in '18—when the commanders met in conference on September 2, ten days before the St. Mihiel drive, to plan another. Foch would split our army into two parts for separate attacks. Pershing insisted on having his divisions together.

U. S. Official photo

A tank of the 327th Tank Battalion, First Division, which was used at Montsec.

Be it so. He accepted the task that was given him: the line from the Meuse River to the other side of the Argonne Forest, which was also toward the ultimate goal. Its four year old defenses were of the same type as those at St. Mihiel. There had never been any thought of an Allied offensive in this sector, for all the odds were against it. Even during all the terrific fighting at Verdun, whose hills looked down upon it, this sector had not been engaged. It was a recognized stalemate.

No salient here with sides exposed. A straight front. No plain on which to sweep past heights. Uphill all the way. Mud, yes.

There was a crest to the rising slopes; and when we had that it was downhill to the railroad line that fed the German armies in France and Belgium.

WERE you there on that morning of September 26, when again our guns spoke and our infantry went over the top? Not if you were in one of the divisions at St. Mihiel. For the divisions which were to start the Meuse-Argonne Battle were being assembled before St. Mihiel was fought.

But your turn would come in that siege of six weeks to the finish, into which we fed 1,200,000 men and in which many divisions suffered heavier casualties than our whole army at St. Mihiel.

Confidence? On the jump off we had against the barbed wire one division, the Seventy-ninth, that had never been in trenches; another, the Thirty-fifth, with no battle experience. But the Meuse-Argonne was no place to be fastidious about such details when the call was to press the action, as we shall see in the story of the greatest battle of our history.

THE END

Poems You Ought *to* Know

Indian Summer

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), the "Quaker poet," taught school, farmed, and, as editor and author, took an important part in the antislavery movement. His chief fame rests upon his poems of simple New England life.]

From gold to gray
Our mild, sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

Buy a bottle of perfume with what you save

Or two pairs of silk stockings. Or a pair of gloves. You can have them. Both men and women buy little things they want with the saving achieved by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c in place of costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

A triumph — an *ideal* tooth paste at 25¢

AS makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

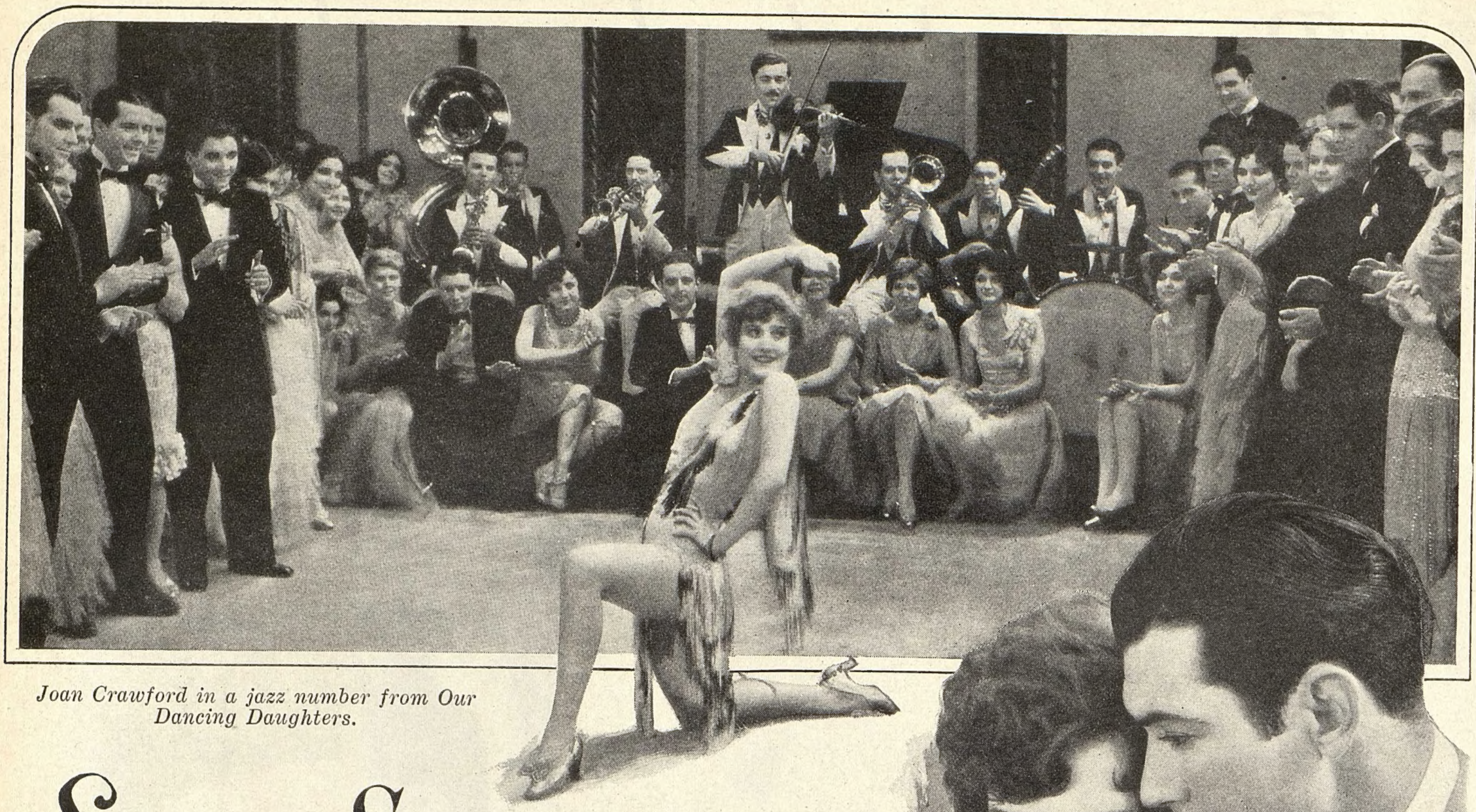
We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of toothpaste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we have created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25c for the *large tube*. Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

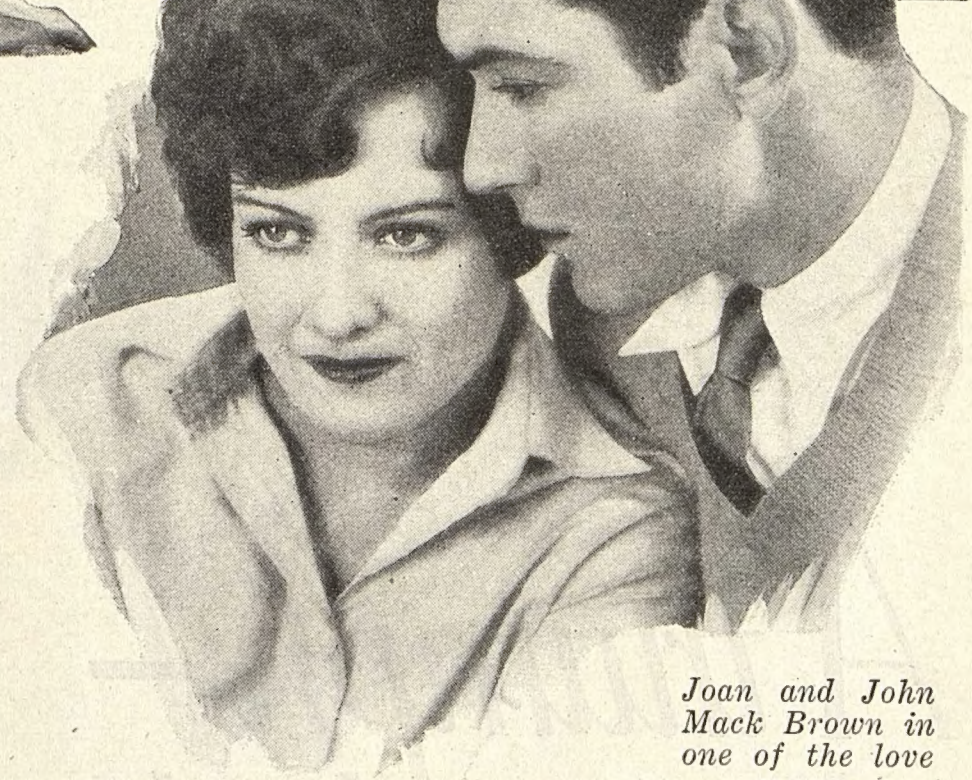
The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new and gleaming whiteness.

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE Tooth Paste



Joan Crawford in a jazz number from Our Dancing Daughters.



Joan and John Mack Brown in one of the love scenes.

SEX STUFF

Here's an Entertaining Film About Modern Offspring Which, Maybe, Points a Moral

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 14 seconds.)

THE whole Culver City younger set of the ultra Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios was let loose in the newest superepic of the jazz age, Our Dancing Daughters.

I can visualize the final conference of the studio production geniuses before the first scene was shot. Chief Genius Irving Thalberg drew himself up to his full height and laid a friendly hand upon Director Harry Beaumont's trembling shoulder.

" Beaumont," said Thalberg solemnly, " don't stint the sex stuff. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expects every girl to do her duty! "

So Our Dancing Daughters got under way with a fine untrammeled abandon. Thus, when you glimpse the film, you will see pretty girls dodging frankly in and out of teddies and tossing their dancing frocks aside the better to do their Black Bottoms. And the kisses. Dun't esk!

Perhaps I have given you the impression that Our Dancing Daughters is just a shocker. It really is an entertaining film, away above the average. Josephine Lovett, wife of that admirable director, John Robertson, wrote it directly for the screen and she did the job with excellent pictorial directness.

That the interiors are as massive as Grand Central Station merely indicates the lavish spirit behind the production.

Our Dancing Daughters points the moral, I suspect, that offspring are what their parents make them. If mamma and papa are money ambitious, their children will be. Thus *Anne*, daughter of a grasping mother, is a shallow, lying little cheat. She wins *Ben Blain* with her phony innocence, although he really loves *Diana* and *Diana* really loves him. *Ben* has misunderstood that young woman's frank abandon. *Diana* was honestly generous with her knees, kisses, and flip repartee. There you have the plot. *Ben* marries *Anne*—and the trouble begins.

SHORTS

WITH this issue we begin a new system of rating films. One star means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ Hot News—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a glorified newsreel cameraman. Thin comedy.

★★★ The Racket—Paramount. Hardboiled underworld drama with plenty of punch. Proving bootleggers and certain politicians are brothers under the skin. You'll like this.

★★ Forgotten Faces—Paramount. Another crook thriller and pretty good. Clive Brooks gives a fine performance of a dapper *Heliotrope Barlow*, who is wedded to a vicious lady known as *Lily*, vividly done by Baklanova. This has a kick.

★ The Mysterious Lady—M. G. M. A four star gal in a one star film. Greta Garbo as a glamorous international spy almost sets fire to Conrad Nagel. Slender melodrama.

Now consider the cast. Joan Crawford, with her hair transformed to a golden glow, is *Diana*, and she runs away with a striking performance. Only four years ago Miss Crawford was dancing in the chorus at the New York Winter Garden. But in the interim she worked her way to the top of the Hollywood heap.

Another hit goes to Anita Page as the mean little *Anne*. Her hysterical likker scene is the climax of Our Dancing Daughters.

Johnnie Mack Brown is a personable *Ben Blain*, and Nils Asther and Dorothy Sebastian are effective members of the younger set. The pained elders are neatly restrained.

Our Dancing Daughters is easily the best of the whole crop of flickers showing the younger generation on the loose in these arid days of prohibition. Probably it exaggerates its jazz motif. I cannot believe that a million or so youngsters go about snapping their fingers in eternal Black Bottom agitation. But Our Dancing Daughters is a brisk, décolleté drama, done in the liveliest Hollywood box office manner. That it escapes being tawdry time and again is because of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's aforementioned younger set. These younger folk attack their scenes with fine gusto.

Do you know that—

W. S. Van Dyke takes a Metro-Goldwyn company to Cape Town, South Africa, soon to film Trader Horn? . . . Rod La Rocque is leaving the screen for the stage temporarily?